

THE
Musical Companion:

BEING A
COLLECTION
OF ALL THE
NEW SONGS
SUNG AT THE
PLAY HOUSES,
AND ALL THE
PUBLIC GARDENS.
THIRD EDITION.

*The HEART to rejoice, the EAR to delight,
With SONGS well chosen and New,
Has engag'd us this little Collection to write,
Ye Sons of BRITANNIA, for you.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEYMOUR, opposite CRIPPLEGATE-CHURCH,
FORE-STREET.





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Of the S O N G S.

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S O N G



SONGS, &c.

SONG I.

Sung by Mr. YATES, in The Capricious Lovers.

TH^{O'} my dress, and my manners, is simple and
plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a
year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse for the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of Honest I prize—and that title's my own.

SONG II.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
 O'er fields or gardens ranging;
 Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
 And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted;
 While she who pleases most to-day,
 To-morrow shall be slighted.

SONG III.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
 I breath'd my native air;
 My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
 No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,
 Distraction rends my breast;
 Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
 And murder all my rest.

SONG IV.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
 A simple swain, a simple maid;
 O'er rural scenes, with joy we'll rove,
 By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
 The birds shall strain their little throats,
 And warble wild their merry notes,
 While we converse beneath the shade,
 A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy

(3)

Thy hand shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
While joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, thy Colin true.

S O N G V.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, in The Capricious Lovers.

W H Y should I now, my love, complain,
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Since labour oft' a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendour never knows ?
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth ;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.
The pride of drefs, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft' that cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

S O N G VI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

W HENCE can you inherit
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Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log ?
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid ;
'Tis leading the life of a dog.
For shame (you a lover !)
More firmness discover ;
Take courage, nor here longer mope :
Resist, and be free ;
Run riot, like me ;
And, to perfect the picture, elope.

S O N G II.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging;
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted;
While she who pleases most to-day,
To-morrow shall be slighted.

S O N G III.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air;
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

S O N G IV.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

A GAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid;
O'er rural scenes, with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes,
While we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy

(3)

Thy hand shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
While joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, thy Colin true.

S O N G V.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, in The Capricious Lovers.

W H Y should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain ;
Since labour oft' a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendour never knows ?
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth ;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.
The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft' that cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

S O N G VI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

W HENCE can you inherit
So slavish a spirit,
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log ?
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid ;
'Tis leading the life of a dog.
For shame (you a lover !)
More firmness discover ;
Take courage, nor here longer mope ;
Resist, and be free ;
Run riot, like me ;
And, to perfect the picture, elope.

S O N G VII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT and Miss HALLAM,
in Love in a Village.*

Miss Brent.

H O P E ! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairly promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy :

Miss Hallam.

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find :

Both.

Kind deceiver, flatter still ;
Deal out pleasures unpossess't ;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G VIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

M Y heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice.
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey :
And is there then no saving clause
Against tyrannic sway ?

S O N G IX.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

O H ! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,

In

(5)

In fair Rossetta's sight to feed
My flocks upon the plain.
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know ?
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
My fair-one's lot so low ?

S O N G X.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains
A passage to the female breast ;
Rushing, like light'ning, thro' the veins,
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possessor.
To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies ;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.

S O N G XI.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

S O N G XII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

GENTLE youth, ah ! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly ;

Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear ;
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go, and never see me more.

S O N G X I I I .

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

T H E R E was a jolly miller once,
 Liv'd on the river Dee ;
 He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he.
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me,

S O N G X I V .

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

L E T gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate ;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run :
 Well, who cares a jot ?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.
 For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The the blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

(7)

S O N G X V.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile ;
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing ;
What more than mirth would mortals have !
'The chearful man's a king !

S O N G X V I.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in Love in Village.

WELL, well, say no more ;
So you told me before ;
I know the full length to my tether.
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school ?
I can spell you, and put you together :
A word to the wife
Will always suffice
Addsniggers ! go talk to your parrot.
I'm not such an elf,
Tho' I say't of my self,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

S O N G X V I I.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

WE women, like weak Indians, trade,
Whose judgment tinsel-show decoys ;
Dupes to our folly we are made,
While artful man the gain enjoys :
We give our treasure to be paid
A paltry, poor return in toys :

S O N G XVIII.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.
 My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
 O the fool ! the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be !
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G XIX.

Sung by Mr. DYER, in Love in a Village.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
 Danger ev'ry moment brings ;
 Time flies swift, and will away,
 Time, that's ever on its wings.
 Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost ;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion e're 'tis lost.

S O N G XX.

The CAUTION. Set by Dr. Arne.

PHILIRA's charms poor Damon took ;
 How eager he for billing !
 When, lo ! the nymph the swain forsook,
 To shew her pow'r of killing.

In either eye she sheath'd a dart ;
 He felt it, never doubt him :
 Odzooks ! a man were thro' the heart.
 Ere he cou'd look about him.
 But mark the end,—with sythe so sharp
 Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
 And all her charms began to warp—
 Then she was in a pucker :
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better ;
 Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.
 Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous trial ;
 But each with scorn her warmth treats ;
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquettes, take warning ; change your tune ;
 This woeful case remember :
 The bedfellow you flight in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G X X I .

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
 If you rave thus, and rant,
 You'll never a lover persuade ;
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die
 (O, terrible chance !) an old maid.
 How happy the lass,
 Must she come to this pass,
 (Who ancient virginity 'scapes !)
 'Twere better on earth
 Have five brats a birth,
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

SONG XXII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
No head-strong passion knows !
Her days in joys she passes,
Her nights in sweet repose :
Where-e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear, invades her ;
But pleasure
Without measure
From ev'ry object flows.

SONG XXIII.

TRIO. *Sung by Mr. BEARD, Miss BRENT, and
Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.*

Mr. Beard.

WELL, come, let us hear what the swain must
possess,

Who may hope at your feet to implore with success ?

Miss Brent, and Miss Hallam.

He must be, first of all,

Straight, comely, and tall ;

Neither awkward, nor foolish ;

Nor apish, nor mulish ;

Nor yet should his fortune be small.

Mr. Beard.

What think'st of a captain ?

Miss Hallam.

All bluster and wounds !

Mr. Beard.

What think'st of a 'squire ?

Miss Brent.

To be left for his Hounds.

Miss

(11)

Miss *Brent*, and Miss *Hallam*:

The youth who is form'd to my mind,
Must be gentle, obliging, and kind ;
Of all things in nature, love me,
Have sense both to speak, and to see,
Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Mr. *Beard*.

'Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt.

Trio.

Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate ;
Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

S O N G XXIV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

I N vain I ev'ry art assay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That wrankles in my heart :
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

S O N G XXV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

O NS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like
this ;
What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kiss ?
The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
Wou'd do the same thing, were they in the same place.
No age, no profession, no station is free ;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends his knee :
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G

SONG XXVI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid :
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid ?
Lead an innocent astray ?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
Men too often we believe ;
And shou'd you my faith deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

SONG XXVII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

O H! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or from my fault'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word, farewell!
Farewell!—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray;
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

SONG XXVIII.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in Love in a Village.

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?
 Zowns! Madge, don't provoke me, but
 mind what I say; [on,
 You've chose a wrong person for playing your tricks:
 So pack up your alls and be trudging away:
 You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a riot:
 S'blood! must I stand prating with you here all day?
 Iv'e got other matters to mind,
 Mayhap you may think me an afs;
 But to the contrary you'll find:
 A fine piece of work by the mass!

SONG

S O N G XXIX.

*Sung by Mr. DYER, and Miss HALLAM, in Love
in a Village.*

Mr. Dyer.

L E T rakes and libertines, resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range :
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Miss Hallam.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire :
With pride my passion I reveal ;
Oh, may it ne'er expire !

Duetto.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

S O N G XXX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

C E A S E, gay seducers, pride to take
In triumphs o'er the fair,
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
Shall hapless beauty go ?

In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe.

S O N G XXXI.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, in Love in a Village.

S I N C E Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll
seek,

But go up to town in the waggon next week :

A service

A service in London is no such disgrace,
 And register's office will get me a place.
 Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend;
 Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end:
 Then why shou'd not I the same maxim pursue,
 And better my fortune, as other girls do?

SONG XXXII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart;
 If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found;
 'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG XXXIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;
 And if for summer you would seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye and cheek;
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type?
 But when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart, like winter, cold.

SONG XXXIV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
 Where guests are promiscuously set;
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can't get. My

My simile holds to a tittle :

Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste :
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as good as a feast.

S O N G XXXV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

'T IS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey :
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the sun true merit shows,
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbread flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

S O N G XXXVI.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

I F ever a fond inclination
Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest ;
Reflect with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
Oh ! where, where would you fly me ?
Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed ?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Would I, how cou'd I, refuse his request ?
Kneeling before you,
Let me implore you :
Look on me, sighing, crying, dying.
Ah ! is there no language can move ?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

S O N G

S O N G XXXVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

THE traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys :
The rising prospect viewing,
Each look is forward cast ;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor thinks of what is past.

S O N G XXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find ;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and sweetness join'd :
The casket where, to outward show,
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valu'd, when we know
It holds a gem within.

S O N G XXXIX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

WHEN we see a lover languish,
And his truth and honour prove ;
Ah ! how sweet to heal his anguish,
And repay him love for love !

S O N G XL.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of those wenches ! they make such a
pothor,
When once they have let'n a man have his will ;
They're

They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
 What tho' he speak 'em ne'er so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on :
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till promise you made 'em ;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you——*ad rot* it !
 Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone :
 And then, to be sure, Sir,
 There is but one cure, Sir ;
 And all their discourse is of marriage.

S O N G XLI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

HENCE with cares, complaint, and frowning ;
 Welcome jollity and joy ;
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ.
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh, and sing some good old strain ;
 Drink a health to love and beauty,
 May they long in triumph reign !

S O N G XLII.

*Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Ranelagh. Set by Mr.
 Michael Arne.*

YOung Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.
 One ev'ning last May, when I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare ;
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid :
 Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.
 That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
 And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
 And from thence, how to win the dear maid, was my
 care ;
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.
 When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I was
 rude,
 And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude :
 I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there,
 But laid all the blame on her delicate air.
 Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,
 And hope she wou'd grant it to ease my fond pain.
 She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
 But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.
 A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit ;
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute :
 Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

S O N G X L I I I .

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

MONSTER, away !
 From chearful day,
 To the gloomy desert fly ;
 Paths explore
 Where lions roar,
 And devouring tygers lie.
 Tho' for food
 They wade in blood,
 All to save their young agree ;
 Ev'ry creature,
 Fierce by nature,
 Harmless is, compar'd to thee.

S O N G

SONG XLIV.

DUETTO. *Sung by Mr. TENDUCCI, and Miss BRENT, in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIR Aurora, prithee stay ;
O retard unwelcome day ;
Think what anguish rends my breast,
Thus caressing, thus carest,
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

SONG XLV.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in The Royal Shepherd.

VOWS of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true ;
They must have a savage mind,
Who refuse the fair their due.

scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from constancy do swerve ;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All such faithless swains to serve.

SONG XLVI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Artaxerxes.

O Much-lov'd son ! if death
Has stolen thy vital breath,
I'll share thy hagle's fate !
But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
A murther'd king at Lethe's flood,
The tidings shall relate !
Bid Charon cease from toil,
And rest upon his oar,
Till I arrive t' attain the soil
Where we shall part no more.

SONG

SONG XLVII.

Sung by Mrs. BAKER, in Artaxerxes.

HOW hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When honour and virtue excite
To suffer distress,
Contented to bless
The object in whom I delight?
Yet, 'midst all the woes
My soul undergoes
Thro' virtues too rigid decree,
I'll scorn to complain,
If the force of my pain
Awakens his pity for me.

SONG XLVIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Artaxerxes. Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD on Lethe's dismal strand
Thy father's troubled image stand!
In his face what grief profound!
See, he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge, revenge!" he cries,
And points to his still-bleeding wound.]
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

SONG XLIX.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Artaxerxes.

WHEN real joy we miss,
'Tis some degree of bliss,
To reap ideal pleasure,
And dream of hidden treasure.
The soldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without scars;

The

The sailor in his sleep
 With safety ploughs the deep :
 So I, thro' fancy's aid,
 Enjoy my heavenly maid,
 And blest'd with thee and love,
 Am greater far than Jove.

S O N G L.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Artaxerxes.

THY father !—away !—I renounce the soft claim !
 Thou spot to my honour ! thou blast to my fame,
 Let justice the traitor to punishment bring ;
 His father he lost when he murder'd his king.

S O N G LI.

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, in Artaxerxes.

FAIR Semira, lovely maid,
 Cease, in pity, to upbraid
 My oppress'd, but constant heart ;
 Full sufficient are my woes,
 Which my cruel stars impose ;
 Heaven, alas ! has done it's part.

S O N G LII.

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known ;
 And friendship, in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one :
 O ! clear him then from this offence ;
 Thy love, thy duty, prove ;
 Restore him with that innocence
 Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G LIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
 O ! let me deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which love did first create ;
 What was my bride is now my shame,
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
 The weakness of my heart,
 Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
 To take a traitor's part.

S O N G LIV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS. in Artaxerxes.

O Let the danger of a son
 Excite vindictive ire ;
 The prospect of a kingdom won
 Should light ambition's fire.

To wounded minds revenge is balm,
 With vigour they engage,
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm
 To a more pleasing rage.

S O N G LV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Artaxerxes.

TO sigh and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy :
 I scorn to reflect
 On a lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
 I laugh at a scar ;
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

S O N G LVI.

Sung by Mr. TENDUCCI, in Artaxerxes.

WA T E R, parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or through fertile valleys glide.
 Though, in search of lost repose,
 Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

S O N G LVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

L E T not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
 Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
 Nor, with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.
 Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
 Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;

I, alas !

I, alas ! at once have lost.
Father, brother, lover, friend !
Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G L V I I I .

*In the Serenata of Solomon. Sung by Mrs. VINCENT,
at Marybone. Set by Dr. Boyce.*

B A L M Y sweetness ever flowing,
From her dropping lip distils ;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing ;
And her voice with music thrills :
Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,
Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
Breathe not half so sweet as she.

S O N G L I X .

*In the New English Opera of The Maid of the Mill,
CHORUS.*

F R E E from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh how blest the miller's life !
Chearful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.

D U E T .

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent.
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content ?

S O N G L X.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
 Wretched as the vilest slave,
 Ev'ry hardship wou'd I brave,
 Rudest toil, severest need,
 Ere yield my hand so coolly
 To the man who never truly
 Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
 Where your wit and your person may please ;
 Take to them your love, I conjure you,
 And in mercy set me at ease.

S O N G L X I.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

TRUST me, would you taste true pleasure,
 Without mixture, without measure,
 No where shall you find the treasure
 Sure as in the sylvan scene :
 Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
 Nature's rural sweets admiring,
 Can, from grosser joys retiring,
 Seek the simple and serene.

S O N G L X I I.

*Sung by Mrs. LAMPE, at Marybone-Gardens.**The Words by Mr. S. Boyce. Set by Mr. Cha. Lampe.*

YOUNG Colin seeks my heart to move,
 And sighs, and talks so much of love,
 (He'll hang or drown, I fear it)
 Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts ;
 Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts ;
 I vow I cannot bear it.

C

He

He says I'm pretty——mighty well;
 And witty too——that's better still;
 And sensible, I swear it:
 But words, you know, are nought but wind;
 Unless he'll freely tell his mind,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blithe and gay,
 And sweetly on his pipe can play;
 I own I like to hear it:
 But down-cast looks, and hums and haws,
 So badly plead a lover's cause,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
 Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
 (I wonder he should fear it)
 I'd then take courage, like my sex,
 The honest youth no more to vex,
 But wed him, I declare it.

S O N G LXIII.

Sung by Mrs. LAMPE, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Charles Lampe.

C O M E then, come; ye sportive swains;
 Hither, jocund nymphs, advance;
 O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
 Lead along the rustic dance.
 Come, your grateful tributes pay,
 Hail the rosy morn of May.

Now again the rising year
 Calls us forth to mirth and joy;
 Pining grief, nor sordid care,
 Shall our festive rites annoy.
 Swell then, swell the chearful lay,
 Hail the rosy morn of May.

S O N G LXIV.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHY how now, Miss pert !
 Do you think to divert
 My anger by fawning and stroking ?
 Wou'd you make me a fool,
 Your play-thing, your tool !
 Was ever your minx so provoking ?
 Get out of my sight !
 'Twould be serving you right,
 To lay a sound dose of the lash on ;
 Contradict your Mamma !
 I've a mind by the la—
 But I won't put myself in a passion.

S O N G LXV.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in The Maid of the Mill.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to
 dwell,
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G LXVI.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
 Full of kindness and good-nature ;
 Prove as kind again to she.

Happy mortal ! to possess her,
 In your bosom warm and press her,
 Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
 And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's frow-ard,
 Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,
 Should you act the whining coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;
 Then agog when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her ;
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

SONG LXVII.

The SEASON of LOVE.

*Sung by Mrs. LAMPE, at Marybone-Gardens, and
 by Mr. DEARLE, at the Grotto-Garden.*

Set by Mr. Lampe.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
 His all cheering beams do nature restore ;
 The cowslip and daisy, the vi'let and rose,
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragancee disclose ;
 The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove, ,
 All nature confesses the Season of Love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain ;
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
 The face that is honest securely can smile ;
 The heart that's sincere in affection, may prove
 All nature's force the Season of Love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
 Our friends that expect us, accuse our delay ;
 Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin ;
 I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win,
 But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
 Who makes ev'ry hour the Season of Love.

SONG

S O N G LXVIII.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Yates.

YE virgins, attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid.
 But get married as fast as you can.
 As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man;
 Then choose out a youth
 Of honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span;
 Then, maids, make your hay
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings;
 But be constant, and blest while you can.

S O N G LXIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life;
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife.
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.
 Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing cry'd—Look there.

S O N G LXX.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall Gardens.**Set by Mr. Yates.*

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art:
 No pleasure ye now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.
 Oft times, by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lillies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear:
 But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast;
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.
 Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,

Are

Are those that are fix'd in the mind;
Which envy or time cannot blast :

Beware then, beware how ye trust
Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;
For Phillis to me had been just,
If nature had blest her with sense.

SONG LXXI.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing a-pace,
The rose-bud beginning to blow on her face ;
For Mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns ;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout ;
Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die ;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may ;
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray ;
Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pant e're so much, you'll soon know for
what.

SONG LXXII.

The MAID's ADVICE.

Sung by Miss WEARMAN, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.
Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gain;
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
If you pursue, we fly in vain.

SONG LXXIII.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

O H! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!

Will call him back,

No tender words his heart allure:

I could bite

My tongue thro' spite —

Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SONG LXXIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

O H! leave me in pity; the falsehood I scorn;
For slander, the bosom untainted defies;
But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.

Of

Of women defenceless, how cruel the fate !
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
 Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

S O N G LXXV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest ;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollitry :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine ;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head ;
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie ;
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

S O N G LXXVI.

DUETTO. *Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Time for ever on the wing.
 Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own,
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G LXXVII.

Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry (merry) wakes and pastimes keep ;
 What has night to do with sleep ?

Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes and wakens love ;
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G LXXVIII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, Miss POITIER, and Mr.
 BEARD, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair ;
 Banish sorrow, banish care ;
 Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had his share of play ;
 But youth's sport begins to day:
 From the fruits of sweet delight
 Let no scare-crow virtue fright ;
 Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

S O N G LXXIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give ;
 The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain ;
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :

The

The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave ;
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye
 gave.

S O N G LXXX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old :
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G LXXXI.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Comus.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear ;
 Love and harmony live here :
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing flanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear :
 Love and harmony reign here.
 Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear ;
 Love and harmony reign here.

S O N G

S O N G LXXXII.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Comus.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
 Will true pleasure long reside:
 On awful virtue's hill sublime
 Enthorn'd sits the immortal fair;
 Who wins her height must patient climb;
 The steps are peril, toil, and care:
 So, from the first, did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

S O N G LXXXIII.

On the MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
 hide:

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.
 In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pry'thee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
 Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an estate:
 You can never be poor, who have all those charms;
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

S O N G LXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

ODDS my life! search England over,
 An you match her in her station,
 I'll be bound to fly the nation:
 And be sure as well I love her.

Do

Do but feel my heart a beating,
 Still her pretty name repeating :
 Here's the work 'tis always at,
 Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
 What on yearth can sweeter be ?
 Then her little eyes so twinkle,
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

S O N G LXXXV.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

I AM young, and I am friendless,
 And poor, alas ! withal ;
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,
 In vain for help I call.

Have some pity in your nature,
 To relieve a wretched creature,
 Though the gift be ne'er so small.

May you, possessing every blessing,
 Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
 And never know what it is to want ;
 Sweet heaven, your worship all happiness grant.

S O N G LXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

AN they count me such a ninny,
 So let them rule the roast,
 I'll bet any one a guinea,
 That they've summ'd without their host.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu for it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

To

To be sure the fly cajoler
 Thought his work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroller
 Was so easy to be won.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it.
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

S O N G LXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

WHILST merit and reason give sanction to love,
 How can ye, ye fair ones, my passion reprove?
 For none but the prude the soft passion disdains,
 And she boasts of a virtue which yet she but feigns.
 Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air;
 And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair:
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;
 But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.
 With prudence illumin'd his actions appear;
 His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear;
 Soft love sits inthron'd in the beams of his eyes;
 He's manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wise.
 He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous and
 gay;
 And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow away;
 An amiable softness still dwells on his speech;
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.
 He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
 And his heart is too honest to let him deceive:
 Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly you can;
 For merit and fondness distinguish the man.

S O N G

SONG LXXXVIII.

*A Favourite Two-Part SONG. Set ay Mr. Travers.
The Words by Matt. Prior.*

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon
reply'd;
"You may have forgot—you were drunk when you
dy'd."

SONG LXXXIX.

ARNO'S VALE.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How brisk the nymph, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay:
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, and iron race:
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale!

SONG

S O N G X C.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in The Maid of the Mill.

TO speak my mind of womankind,
 In one word 'tis this,
 By nature they're design'd
 To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives ;
 Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
 Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study, day and night,
 Is mischief, their delight ;
 And if we should prevent
 At one door the intent,
 They quickly turn about,
 And find another out.

S O N G X C I.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

LORD ! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy,
 But I the refusal can bear ;
 I warrant I shall not run crazy,
 Nor die, in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken ;
 For, Sir, for to let you to know,
 I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
 But I have two strings to my bow.

S O N G X C I I.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry !
 'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry ;
 For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't :
S'flesh !

S'Aesh ! here's such a racket, such scolding and coiling,
 You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
 And drudging like horses from morning till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to shew you,
 First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I throw you;

Henceforward, take care of your matters who will:
 They're welcome to slave for your wages that need'em,
 Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
 And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G X C I I I .

The SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS,
 a CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Battisbill.

*Sung by Mr. PRENTICE, and Miss BROWN, at
 Sadler's-Wells.*

Shepherd.

RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,
 To view creation crown the earth.

AIR.

Come, my Lucy, come away,
 Share with me this sun-shine day ;
 Sweets of May make nature gay,
 Come, my Lucy, come away.

Shepherdes.

RECITATIVE.

Ah ! help me, shepherd, do but see,
 I'm stung this moment by a bee.

Shepherd.

AIR.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,
 Then think what you give to a true-loving swain,
 When scornful you fly from his pray'rs :
 A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,
 But wounds for years fester in fond shepherds hearts,
 When lasses will give themselves airs.

Shepherdes.

Shepherdefs.

Ah ! shepherd, ah ! shepherd, mankind, like the bee,
Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they fee ;

And when the believing fool'd maid,
O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's sting ;
At once, like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,
And laughing he leaves her betray'd.

Shepherd.

RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,
And from shepherd and lass, let us be man and wife.

Shepherdefs.

AIR.

Maids well should beware ere to that they consent,
Those in haste to be marry'd, at leisure repent ;
We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lott'ry for life,
Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and his
wife.

Shepherd.

Those who wed for mere wealth such misfortunes
may prove,
But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for love ;
And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry for life,
We shall stand the best chance when we're made man
and wife.

Shepherdefs.

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd ;
To my children a slave, by my husband be fool'd ;
The day spent in trouble, the night waste in strife !
This is often the change from a maid to a wife.

Shepherd.

We a wife take, 'tis said, e'er for better or worse ;
Marriage therefore is either a blessing or curse ;
Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life
Can only be found in a man and his wife.

Shepherdefs.

Shepherds.

But see the sun setting the clouds skirt with gold,
 And nibbling flocks rising, repair to their fold ;
 Let us homeward repair——

Both.

———And end further strife,
 And to-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man and
 wife.

S O N G XCIV.

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone-Gardens.**Set by Mr. Lampe.*

THE Sun, like any bridegroom gay,
 Rose to salute the spring ;
 The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,
 And birds began to sing,
 When Damon tript it o'er the plain,
 Dear Chloe's heart to win ;
 But at the window tapt in vain,
 She would not let him in.
 Beside the mansions where the great
 From glorious feats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate
 The virtues they admir'd :
 Love whisper'd then in Damon's ear,
 And bad his song begin ;
 And thus he sung, to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd let him in.
 So sweet his song, the maiden rose,
 In rural plain attire ;
 And like the genial season glows
 With thrilling, soft desire :
 But, angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd, Shepherd, why this din ?

Why

Why wake me thus? I've often told
I ne'er would let you in.

The fair one in his arms he prest,
And kiss'd her o'er and o'er;
And who, with honour in his breast,
Could then have thought on more?
To church he led her, in her prime,
For pleasure void of sin,
And now she hails the happy time
When first she let him in.

SONG XCV.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the East breaks the morn,
See the sun beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar,
By encount'ring, &c.
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
And taught, &c.

Hence,

Hence, of noble decent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
 Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let our's be the prey of the field,
 Still let our's, &c.

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
 How our mortal sensations refine!
 How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
 Like the winds, in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine,
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys:
 Lo! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole,
 That anon shall enliven the whole:
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG CXVI.

J E A L O U S Y. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

J Ealousy, begone, and leave me!
 From my bosom, ah! remove:
 While thou stay'st, thou dost but grieve me;
 Hence, thou foe to sacred love!
 Whilst by thee the heart's directed,
 All things double faces wear;
 Chloe, in thy glass reflected,
 Seems as false as she is fair.

Harmless

Harmless looks and slight expressions,
 Where love's eye no meaning reads,
 To some rival are confessions
 Of a heart that for him bleeds.
 Cruel spy ! that ne'er discovers
 What may ease the frantic mind,
 Hence ! nor blast the bliss of lovers :
 Leave us happy, leave us blind.

S O N G XCVII.

The GOLDFINCH to CLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung
 The charms of heav'nly Liberty,
 A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
 With ardour panted to be free ;
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain :
 Yet, e're he flies, tunes forth his parting strain.

AIR.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow return of spring,
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell,
 Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall chear,
 With genial warmth, the drooping year,
 I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
 And in my prison learn'd from thee
 To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care,
 That kind concern let Strephon share ;
 Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,
 To those which he, poor captive ! feels,

Who,

Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee,
Yet strives not for his Liberty.

S O N G XCVIII.

The HONEST FELLOW. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a
rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
Our joys it increaseth, and lightens our woes;
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's Cases see, page twenty-six:
The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
May mirth and good fellowship always abound;
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

[S O N G XCIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in the Jovial Crew.

I Made love to Kate,
 Long I sigh'd for she,
 Till I heard of late,
 She'd a mind for me :
 I met her on the green,
 In her best array ;
 So pretty she did seem,
 She stole my heart away.
 Oh ! then we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much to
 blame ?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate,
 Quoth she—I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate ;
 But then I laugh'd, and swore,
 I lov'd her more than so ;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end
 Is tugging too and fro.
 Again we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much to blame ?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,
 She was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led,
 Katy she led Dick :
 Long we toy'd and play'd
 Under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke ;
 For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name ;
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

S O N G

SONG C.

The COMPARISON. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

PARTING to death we will compare;
 For sure, to those who love sincere,
 So dreadful is the pain;
 Such doubts, such horrors rend the mind:
 But oh! when adverse fate grows kind,
 How sweet to meet again!
 To those try'd hearts, and those alone,
 Who have the pangs of absence known,
 The blissful change is giv'n;
 And who—Oh! who, wou'd not endure
 The pangs of death, if they were sure
 To reap the joys of heav'n?

SONG CI.

The LOVER'S PETITION.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIRER than the op'ning lillies
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
 Richer sweets does she disclose.
 Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour,
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.
 Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn!
 Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
 From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline,
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

D

SONG

S O N G CII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of mischief, full of woe;
 All his joys are mixt with smart;
 Thorns beneath his roses grow:
 And serpent-like he stings the breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and caress'd.

S O N G CIII.

*Sung by Mr. ANDREWS, at Sadler's-Wells.**Set by Mr. Battishill.*

RECITATIVE.

TO yonder beech's friendly shade
 Repair, my Aura, lovely maid;
 And while our lambkins frolic make,
 Thy shepherd's treasure smiling take.

AIR.

Were to my wish thy temples bound,
 How India's gems should blaze around!
 Yet wishes are but idle breath;
 Accept, in lieu, a rosy wreath:
 Had I proud Persia at my beck,
 What gaudy robes my fair should deck!
 But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy care.

Of burnish'd gold, or silver fair,
 Those feet of thine should sandals bear:
 But, all I have to offer now,
 The hide of Dap, thy fav'rite cow.
 Said Aura—Sandals, robes and crowns,
 Are slender proofs 'gainst fortune's frowns;

We've

We've health and ease—Is heaven scant?
Here take my hand—we've all we want.

S O N G C I V.

V A L E N T I N E's - D A Y. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
To hail the God of light and heat;
Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine!

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
She artfully had clos'd again:
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
And near forgot that his design
Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone!
Philander, charming youth, be gone!
For this time, to your vows sincere,
Make virtue, not your love, appear:
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
(Forgive the simple fond disguise;)
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, e're setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one:
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love;

And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bless'd the day of Valentine.

S O N G C V.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord :
Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
And saw his vessel less'ning to her view :
She smote her breast ; she rav'd, and tore her hair ;
Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah ! Theseus, Theseus, stay !
Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow !
Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
Nor wast my love away !
Ah ! whither wilt thou go !
Could I have serv'd thee so ?
Ah ! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly ?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
And, gently, thus administer'd relief.

AIR.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear ;
Though Theseus plough the deep,
You've still a lover here :

I am

I am Bacchus, god of wine,
 God of revelry and joy ;
 If Ariadne will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup
 Of my choicest cordial draught :
 Fill it, man, why fill it up ;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :
 Fill it higher, to the brink :
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd ;
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart :
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd :
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

AIR.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who
 pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers the virtue of wine :
 Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one's that's more
 fair,
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair ;
 And let the fond youth who wou'd win the coy maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part :
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.

S O N G C V I.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch AIR, in the
 Overture of Thomas and Sally.*

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh, Set by Dr. Arne.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came ;

But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small :
Unusual joy her heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
He bless'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thoughts she quickly guess'd ;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride :
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her Spinning-Wheel.

SONG CVII.

CÆLIA. *A Cantata. Set by Signior Pasqualli,
and Sung at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

OH! 'tis *Elizium* all—in beauty drest,
To Fancy's eye my Cælia flood confest :
Her glance spake extacy :—"No more," she cries,
"No more my love shall weep and waste in sighs.
"Be chearful, Thyrsis, and again adorn
"With lovely mirth thy soul for my return ;
"And then embrace me."—Oh! 'twas heav'n to
hear!

Starting I wake, but find no Cælia near.

AIR.

AIR.

To my lips than nectar sweeter,
 Wherefoe'er I turn my eyes,
 Only thee I view, dear creature ;
 Ev'ry other object dies.
 Still thy charming form is playing,
 Whether soft reclin'd by streams,
 Or thro' shining crouds I'm straying,
 When dissolv'd in pleasing dreams.

S O N G C V I I I .

Set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
 Press not the gay and stately bed ;
 The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r
 A softer couch beneath them spread.
 If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Soothe not their taste with wonton art ;
 They take what nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a chearful heart.
 If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;
 With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court ;
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

S O N G C I X .

Sung at Ranelagh.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
 To hear the wood's choristers warble and sing ;
 D 4 Young

Young Phœbe he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid :
And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
To live, &c.

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;
Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid ?
Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
Can do what you please, with right and with wrong ;
Can it be or by law, or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid ?
That a comely, &c.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill,
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.
Who is sick, &c.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list' to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
Ye echoes of echo, ye shadows of shade ;
For if I had you, I might still be a maid.
For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted swain ;
And Phœbe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

S O N G CX.

Set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

THE shepherd's plain life,
 Without guilt, without strife,
 Can only true blessings impart :
 As nature directs
 That bliss he expects
 From health, and from quiet of heart.
 Vain grandeur and pow'r,
 Those joys of an hour,
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find ;
 Can titles or show
 Contentment bestow ?
 All happiness dwells in the mind.
 Behold the gay rose,
 How lovely it grows,
 Secure in the depth of the vale !
 Yon oak, that on high
 Aspires to the sky,
 Both light'ning and tempests assail.

Duetto.

Then let us the snare
 Of ambition beware,
 That source of vexation and smart ;
 And sport on the glade,
 Or repose in the shade,
 With health and with quiet of heart.

S O N G CIX.

The SHEPHERD. Set by Dr. Arne.

NO more the festive train I'll join :
 Adieu ! ye rural sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do ?

Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
But I am all despair and love.

Ah well a day ! how chang'd am I !

When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
So soft my strains, the herds hard by
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed ;
But now my strains no longer move,
They're discord all, despair and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
The fairest once upon the lea ;
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me :
The shepherds mourn to see them rove ;
They ask the cause, I answer, love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
And turn'd my pipe to notes of woe ;
Love has occasion'd all my smart,
Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

S O N G CXII.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Dr. ARNE.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the
Spring ;

To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.
Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright ;
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For the sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering
through,

Tho'

Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's
sweet eyes :

These beauties are transient ; but Celia's will last,
When spring, and when summer, and autumn, are
past ;

For sense and good-humour no season disarms,
And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around.
I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray'r :
This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair ;
These colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
Be her person's dear emblem : but where shall I find,
In nature, a beauty that equals her mind ?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call
Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall ;
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise :
So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry beauty, that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love, and by time.

S O N G CXIII.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
With Sally can compare ;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair :
The beams of Sol delight and clear,
While summer seasons roll ;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When

When from the East the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the God of day
 With emulation glow :
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.
 The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora she'll perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.
 The am'rous youth her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale :
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale ;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.
 No more shall blithsome lass and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor musick wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G CXIV.

KITTY; or, The FEMALE PHAETON.

*Set by Dr. Arne, and Sung at Vauxhall.**The Words by Mr. Prior.*

F A I R Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;
 Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.
 Must lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?
 While I am scarce a toast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?
 Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

S O N G

S O N G CXV.

CANTATA. *Translated from the French by the late Lord Landdown.*

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. Arne.

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,
Dull, self-denying fools I scorn :
The profer'd bliss I ne'er refuse,
'Tis often troublesome to chuse.
Lov'st thou, my friend ? I love at sight :
Drink'st thou ? this bumper does thee right :
At random with the stream I flow,
And play my part, where-e'er I go.

But, god of sleep, since we must be
Oblig'd to give some hours to thee ;
Invade me not, while the full bowl
Glow's in my cheeks, and warms my soul !
Be that the only time to snore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more :
Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to live again.

But oh ! if melting in my arms,
The nymph belov'd, with all her charms,
In some soft dream should then surprise,
And grant what waking she denies ;
Gentle slumber, prithee stay !
Slowly, slowly bring the day !
May no rude noise my bliss destroy !
Such sweet delusion's real joy.

S O N G CXVI.

DUETTO, *in the Oratorio of Joseph.*

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
Or breezes from the new-mown clove ?
What's sweeter than an April morn,
Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn ?

What

What than Arabia's spicy grove?
Oh! sweeter far the breath of love.

S O N G CXVII.

The M O R N I N G. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
The lark his warbling matin sings;
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
The village up, the shepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.
Oh! that on the enamell'd green
My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
Fresher than the rose's bloom,
Sweeter than the mead's perfume.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
And with shrill ecchoes fills the sounding shores,
So I, like him abandon'd and forlorn.
With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along:
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, e're I cease to love:
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

S O N G CXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And flow'rs were fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eyes;

Blithe

Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 " Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
 " And soon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side ;
 And Mary was a bonny lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her eyes were azure blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet !
 For, ganging home, I heard them say
 They lik'd a walk so sweet :
 His cheek to her's he fondly laid ;
 She cry'd, " Sweet love be true ;
 " And when a wife, as now a maid,
 " To death I'll follow you."

S O N G CXIX.

Sung at Vauxhall.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
 A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;
 I was going to fair all so bonny and gay.
 He ask'd me to let him go with me there ;
 No harm shall come to you, young damsel I swear ;
 I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile ;
 We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile ;
 I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.
 To go with him farther I did not much care ;
 But still I went on, not suspecting a snare ;
 For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To

To make me more easy, he said all he could :
 I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good ;
 For I'd not for the world he should dare to be rude.
 Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me last year ;
 If he should do so, I would go no more there,
 Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no ;
 He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow :
 (Take care how that way with a shepherd you go.)
 Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare :
 No ribbond, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
 Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

S O N G CXX.

In the English Opera of Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

HAPPY day ! for ever dear,
 Brightest of the circling year ;
 Smiles like thine can freedom charm,
 Glory crown, and virtue warm.
 Peace comes smiling up to thee ;
 Pleas'd, come onward Liberty ;
 Plenty too brings up the band,
 Dancing o'er this happy land.

S O N G CXXI.

[*A favourite SONG, in the Oratorio of Judith.*

Sung by Miss BRENT. Set by Dr. Arne.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour ;
 Born just to bloom and fade :
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit ;
 The shadow of a shade.

S O N G

S O N G CXXII.

A TOUCH on the T I M E S.

The Words by James Worfdale, Esq; Set by Dr. Arne.

COME listen and laugh at the times,
 Since folly was never so ripe;
 For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
 That give his own follies a wipe:
 We live in a kind of disguise;
 We flatter, we lye, and protest;
 While each of us artfully tries
 On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
 Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain;
 And while by her lover pursu'd,
 Can laugh at his folly and pain:
 But when from her innocence won,
 And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
 When she finds herself lost and undone,
 He laughs (tho' unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
 Can laugh at each others's distress;
 And while the dire suit does depend,
 Ne'er think how their substance grows less;
 Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
 They'll find, when restor'd to their sense,
 The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion
 For each fool to laugh at each other,
 Let us strive, with gen'rous compassion,
 To correct, not condemn, one another.
 We all have some follies to hide,
 Which, known, wou'd dishonour the best,
 And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

S O N G

S O N G CXXIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By flow Mæander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O ! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere ;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

S O N G CXXIV.

*Sung by Mr. CHAMPNESS, in Harlequin's Invasion.**Set by Dr. Boyce.*

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year :
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves :

Chorus.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men ;
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady ;
 We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.
 We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;
 They never see us, but they wish us away :
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore ;
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
 Heart of oak, &c.

We

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They'll frighten our women, and children and beaus ;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness come o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
 sweat,

In spite of the devil, and Bruffels Gazette :
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
 Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G CXXV.

Sung by Miss POPE, in The Way to Keep him.

Set by Dr Arne.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more ;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lillies, may make the men sigh :
 But roses and lillies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar ;
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar :
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command :
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill ;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
 will.

Be

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind ;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
 mind ;

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G CXXVI.

LYDIA from SAPHO. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

RÉCITATIVE, *accompanied.*

BENEATH this sad and silent gloom
 I waste in sighs my youthful bloom ;
 But not the shades that banish day,
 Drive Lydia's brighter form away.
 Her easy shape, her lovely mien,
 Th' attractive smile of beauty's queen,
 Her sparkling eyes, her flowing hair,
 A wit so smart, so soft an air,
 The sprightly god contriv'd for ruin,
 And deck'd her thus for my undoing.

AIR.

Lovely maid, all charms adorning,
 Born to give supreme delight,
 Fairer than the rosy morning,
 Or the silver queen of night,
 Why ungrateful dost thou leave me ?
 Stay, thou cruel fair one ! stay :
 Death attends, if thou deceive me—
 Lydia, why so far away ?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

I dream, or her unequall'd charms
 Are folded in my rival's arms :

See !

See ! she clasps the happy boy,
 Anguish waste,
 Light'ning blast,
 Tortures rend him,
 Death attend him,
 Ere he taste the rising joy !

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
 The faithless wretch whom I despise.

AIR.

Wander, Lydia—so will I,
 And to nobler conquests fly :
 Roving, ranging,
 Ever changing,
 Gay and airy,
 Born to vary,
 Soon the treach'rous fair shall see
 I can be false as well as she.

S O N G CXXVII.

WORLDLY HAPPINESS in Spite of PHILOSOPHY.

Set by Dr. Arne.

TO curb the will, with vain pretence
 Philosophy her force employs,
 And tells us, in despite of sense,
 That life affords no real joys :
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,
 Deny us not enjoyment free :
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I, alas ! shall cease to be ?

Such

Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

S O N G CXXVIII.

C A N T A T A. *By Mr. Stanley.*

A I R.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me, (with rosy chaplets crown'd)
 Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth !——Again, the bowl
 With warm desires inflames my soul.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Quickly, ah quickly ! must I leave
 The joys which wine and beauty give ;
 Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth,
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

A I R.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine :
 Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance :
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimbly tread the blithsome round ;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight and gay desires.

S O N G

S O N G CXXIX.

CANTATA. *Sung by Mrs. SCOTT, at Ranelagh.*

Set by Mr. Stanley.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, blest with ev'ry grace,
 Invok'd soft music's needless aid,
Completely conquer'd by her face,
 Thus gentle Strephon smiling said :

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
 The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
Let tedious labour toil and try
 To swell the song, or form the dance ;
But let your charms alone suffice,
And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to over-hear,
Thus spoke as he approach'd more near :
He flatters ; do not trust the swain,
But listen to my honest strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay ;
Your voice and person ev'ry hour
 By dozens steal our hearts away :
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes !
Ah ! lovely nymph, indeed to bless,
 Select the worthiest swain you've won,

Who,

Who, prizing sound and colour less,
 Admires you for your sense alone;
 Then leave all little arts behind,
 And study to improve the mind.

S O N G CXXX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Shepherd's Lottery.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song:
 He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love:
 Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each——Can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited; then, changing his strain,
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain!
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright:
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change——Can a lover do more?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by accident there;
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair:
 He press'd her white hand——next her lips he essay'd;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid:
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
 And dear Amaryllis——was thought of no more.

S O N G CXXXI.

KITTY FELL. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHILE Beaus to please the ladies write,
 Or bards, to get a dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd passions tell

E

Let

Let me in humble verse proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
That she has danc'd, that she has sung,

Alas ! I know full well :

I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
To cure the wounds which love had made,
And bad a long farewell :

But t'other day she cross'd the green ;

I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way :

To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :

Why don't you hear the bell ?

To church—oh ! take me with thee there ;

I pray'd : she would not hear my prayer,

Ah ! cruel Kitty Fell.

Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,

I live to love, and to complain,

Condemn'd in chains to dwell :

For tho' she casts a scornful eye,

In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,

Adieu ! dear Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,

Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

S O N G CXXXII.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in Queen Mab.

THOU best-belov'd offspring of Puck, our dear
 Nimble, airy, [friend,
 Blithsome fairy,
 Careful I'll thy steps attend,
 Whether wantonly teasing the clowns of the green,
 Or dancing by moonlight with Mab our fair queen.
 The sons of dull Mortals shall watch thee in vain :
 Thou still ranging,
 Ever changing,
 Short and injur'd tread the plain :
 The maids shall admire thee as soon as thou'rt seen,
 And court thee by moonlight to dance on the green.
 Thou rival, in swiftness, to lightning and air,
 I'll protect thee,
 And direct thee
 How t' 'scape the intended snare ;
 And when thou return'st thou shalt sit by our queen,
 While fairies do homage to Mab on the green.

S O N G CXXXIII.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

*A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the
 ingenious Mr. Hogarth.*

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Gransire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :

Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

(*A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad !

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von letle bite.

But

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray ;
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blub'ring accents dolefully he cry'd,

AIR.

(Ellen a Room.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah, hard-hearted Louis !
 Why did I come to you ?
 The gallows more kind, would have sav'd me from
 starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great !

O the beef ! the bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown ;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down !

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my muse to *England* takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite ;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, " Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst ;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;
The ox is Old England ; the frog is monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
 To see the Sir-loin smoaking hot on our table,
 The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
 O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.

S O N G CXXXIV.

NO more ye swains, no more upbraid
 A youth, by love unhappy made ;
 Your rural sports are all in vain,
 To sooth my care, or ease my pain.
 Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,
 Can e'er redeem my happy hours ;
 When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
 What pleasure can a lover find ?
 Yet, if again you wish to see
 Your Damon still restor'd and free,
 Go try to move the cruel fair,
 And gain the scornful Cælia's ear.
 But, oh ! forbear with too much art
 To touch that dear relentless heart,
 Lest rivals to my fears ye prove,
 And jealousy succeed to love.

S O N G CXXXV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE wood-lark whistles through the grove,
 Tuning the sweetest notes of love
 To please his female on the spray ;
 Perch'd by his side, her little breast
 Swells with her lover's joy confess'd,
 To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair one, let us prove
From their example how to love:

For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
And when my flock return to fold,
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

S O N G CXXXVI.

The N O N - P A R E I L L E.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in
May;

Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love:
Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flow'ry beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon:

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow;
As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise; and tho' beautiful, good:
The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,
She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r,
Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

S O N G CXXXVII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:
I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;
But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.

He

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:
 I cou'd not do less than the favour receive;
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:
 How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the view!
 'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must
 conceive—

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,
 Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
 Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
 To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
 And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
 Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
 But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:
 And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
 With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

SONG CXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in The Oracle.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
 Ye lovers, these instructions mind;
 Conceal the passion in your breast,
 Be dumb, insensible and blind:
 But when with gentle looks you meet,
 And see the artless blushes rise,
 Be silent, loving, and discreet;
 The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the maid sincere,
 Where virtue is with beauty join'd;
 Then boldly like yourselves appear,
 No more insensible, or blind:

Pour forth the transports of your heart,
 And speak your soul without disguise;
 'Tis fondness, fondness must impart;
 The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the snare,
 That still entraps all womankind;
 Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
 Be deaf, insensible and blind:
 But should some fond deserving youth
 Agree to join in Hymen's ties,
 Be tender, constant, crown his truth;
 The Oracle no more implies.

S O N G CXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Mr. Baildon.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien:
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own,
 Her face, &c.

Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind:
 Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love,
 Till a sigh, &c.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her,
 Grows dull, &c.

He's

He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to break ;
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with woman is sister to love,
 That friendship, &c.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence ;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,
 His passion nor wrinkles nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And Time, that shall Beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

S O N G CXL.

Sung in Lethe.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest ;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care ;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd :

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants ;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day :

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care ;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

S O N G

S O N G C X L I.

Sung by Mrs. V I N C E N T.

L E T me wonder not unseen
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;
 There the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe;
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound,
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

S O N G C X L I I.

Sung by Mr. L O W E. Set by Mr. A R N E.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
 Let the fair one I love have put prudence in view,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true:
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien:
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
 Nor indebted to paint,—nor indebted to paint,
 For white or for red,—for white or for red.
 May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:
 May her humour the taste of the company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever,
 —I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G

S O N G CXLIII.

HOPE. *A Pastoral. Set by Mr. Arne.*

MY banks are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white-over with sheep ;
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

 I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear ;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

 But where does my Phyllida stray ?
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 'The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G CXLIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh.

OH ! what joys does conquest yield,
 When, returning from the field,

In

In triumphant state we see
 The god-like hero crown'd with victory !
 Laurel wreathes his head surrounding,
 Banners waving in the wind ;
 Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
 Ev'ry voice in chorus join'd ;
 All uniting to proclaim
 Th' immortal honours of his name.

S O N G CXLV.

*Sung by Miss BRENT. The Words and Musick
 by Dr. Arne.*

N YMPHS and shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the sweets of May ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding fawns :
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

S O N G CXLVI.

Sung in The Reprisal.

F R O M the man whom I love tho' my heart I
 disguise,
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;
 And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow ;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
 A peacock, &c.

As

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox ;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks :
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
 As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather :
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 Yet it if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

S O N G CXLVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Jovial Crew.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE ladies look gay when of beauty they boast,
 And misers are envy'd when wealth is in-
 creas'd ;
 The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
 And the miser's a wretch when he pays for the feast.
 The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
 May pity bespeak, but envy can't move ;
 My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
 No more my fond heart is desiring,
 Than freedom, content, and the man that I
 love.

S O N G CXLVIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in the Opera of Eliza.

WH O'd know the sweets of liberty ;
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow ;
 Thence to discern rough industry
 At the harrow or the plough :

'Tis

'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
 Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth allay'd,
 Never felt unmanly fear ;

'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
 Such as Britannia yet shall see ;
 These are the sweets of liberty.

S O N G CXLIX.

The LUCKY FALL. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

A Band of Cupid's t'other day
 Where in a myrtle grove,
 Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
 They made a match to rove ;
 " But where ? " cry'd one (the cock of all)
 " Let's fix upon a place :
 " Hang Paphos, and Olympus' hall ;
 " I vote for Chloe's face."

No sooner said, than off they flew ;
 And gathering round the fair,
 As swarms of bees on flowers do,
 They settled here and there :
 Some on her lips, her nose, and chin ;
 A score on either cheek,
 While fifty to her eyes went in
 To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile,
 The wranglers to have heard,
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own preferr'd :
 Till chancing from her lips to slide,
 One fell on Chloe's breast,
 And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,
 " Who's station's now the best ? "

S O N G

SONG CL.

A favourite CANTATA. Set by Dr. Pepusch.

RECITATIVE.

SEE! from the silent grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks with ev'ry pleasing art
 To ease the pain which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart :
 To shining theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd his
 pray'rs.

AIR.

Charming sounds, that sweetly languish ;
 Music, oh, compose my anguish !
 Ev'ry passion yields to thee :
 Ev'ry passion yields to thee :
 Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,
 Cupid shall no more deceive me ;
 I'll to sprightlier joys be free,
 I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain ;
 He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
 How weak, t'assuage an am'rous pain,
 His own harmonious voice had prov'd,
 And all his healing herbs how vain :
 Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
 Preluding to his voice, and sings.

AIR.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee ;
 Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee ;
 Musick is the voice of love,
 Musick is the voice of love :
 If the tender maid believe thee,
 Soft relenting, kind consenting,
 Will alone thy pain remove,
 Will alone thy pain remove.

SONG

S O N G C L I:

Sung in Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

ARISE, sweet messenger of morn,
 With thy mild beams this isle adorn;
 For, long as shepherds pipe and play,
 This, this shall be a holiday.

See! morn appears; a rosy hue
 Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue:
 Well are we met in trim array,
 To frolic out this holiday.

Each nymph, be like the blushing morn,
 That gaily brightens o'er the lawn;
 Each shepherd, like the sun be gay,
 And grateful keep this holiday.

S O N G C L I I.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Search the fields of ev'ry kind,
 The fairest flow'rs I chose,
 And sent them in a wreath to bind
 My Rosalinda's brows,
 My Rosalinda's brows.
 Here hyacinthus, ting'd with blood,
 In purple beauty glows;
 There, bursting from the swelling bud,
 Appears the blushing rose,
 Appears the blushing rose.

Here violets of purple hue,
 Chaste lillies white as snow,
 Narcissuses that drink the dew,
 And near the fountain blow;
 And near the fountain blow.

To boast thy charms when crown'd with those,
 Cease, cease, O beauteous maid !
 Thy face, that blooms so like the rose,
 Like that, alas ! will fade,
 Like that, alas ! will fade.

S O N G CLIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen,
 To tell what of her were the thoughts of
 the men,

Insisted for once I would alter my tune,
 And write panegyrics as well as lampoon :
 With candor describing the woman I see,
 When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilla and tea.
 If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight,
 And beauty's an object engaging to sight ;
 How kind is my fair one, who studies confess,
 Her aim is at nature's amendment in dress !
 Tho' oft' in the structure, mistaking the plan,
 She spoils what she meant shou'd give pleasure to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,
 Her good-humour'd prattle is music to me ;
 Her kiss would soon make the dull hermit forego
 His cell and high views, for that heaven below :
 But when for a trifle with anger grown bold,
 Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flow'rs is love to mankind :
 Each sense's enjoyment in women we find,
 Unless affectation, that bane to the fair,
 Unfeters the heart they attempt to ensnare :
 Let nature the science of pleasing direct,
 A charm ill-display'd soon becomes a defect.

S O N G

S O N G C L V I I .

MAY EVE ; or, KATE of ABERDEEN.

*Sung by Miss POLLY YOUNG, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Battisbill.*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To waten with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light :
 To courts be gone ! heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May :
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green ;
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay,

'Till

Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin-queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

S O N G CLVIII.

Sung by Mr. LOWE.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
 To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em
 in wine;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
 weigh'd;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught;
 I came for your counsel, to find out a fault:
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
 While, like light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing
 vein?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
 And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

S O N G CLIX.

FEMALE ADVICE. Set by Mr. Battisill.

PUSHING beauty, men descry
 The distant shore, and long to prove,
 Still richer in variety,
 The treasures of the land of love.

We

S O N G CLIV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

LET the tempest of war
 Be heard from afar,
 With trumpets' and cannons' alarms :
 Let the brave, if they will,
 By their valour or skill,
 Seek honour and conquest in arms,
 To live safe, and retire,
 Is what I desire,
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possess ;
 For in them I obtain
 True peace without pain,
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest :
 In some cottage or cell,
 Like a shepherd to dwell,
 From all interruption at ease ;
 In a peaceable life,
 To be blest with a wife,
 Who will study her husband to please.

S O N G CLV.

*Sung by Mr. CHAMPNES, in the Entertainment of
Arcadia. Set by Mr. Battisbill.*

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
 And exult on the bloom that just buds on their
 face ;
 With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
 Men of pleasures, be mute ; this is life's lovely view ;
 When we look on our young ones, our youth we
 renew.
 Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy :
 No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy :
From

From the May-morn of youth to winter's white age,
Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro' life's
stage ;

And when death bids us stop, we end our easy song,
Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well so
long.

S O N G CLVI.

The JOYS of HARVEST.

Set by Mr. Battisill.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
plains,

And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains,
As they follow the last team of harvest along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a song :
Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
And use every moment of life as it flies ;
Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must im-
prove

For summer to ripen and harvest of love :
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

We women, like weak Indians; stand,
 Inviting from our golden coast
 The wand'ring rovers to our land;
 But ~~she~~ who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing unseen into the heart;
 But, by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
 In ignorance our shining store,
 Discover nature's richest mine;
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

Ye fair, take heed, forbear to try
 How men can court, or you be won;
 For love is but discovery;
 When that is made, the pleasure's done.

S O N G C L X.

J E N N Y of the G R E E N.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal it's fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their fancy's queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside the stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unseen!
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The wind would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the Green.

With Joy my soul reviews the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan scene;

Then

Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the grace and ease
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mien;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Though now she treads some distant plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that bless'd night
That brings her back with speedy flight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loit'ing wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.

S O N G CLXL

HA S T E, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
To soft Elysian gales;
From smoke to smiling skies repair,
And sun-illumin'd vales:
No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
But blessings crown the plains;
Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
And Peace, the cherub, reigns.
O come! for thee the roses bloom,
The deep carnation grows;
For thee the sweet violets breathe perfume,
The white-rob'd lilly blows;

For thee their streams the Nays roll,
 The daisied hills are gay,
 Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
 The spotless lambkins play.

From vale to vale the Zephyrs rove,
 To rob th' unfolding flow'rs ;
 And music melts in ev'ry grove,
 To charm thy rural hours ;
 The warbling lark, high pois'd in air,
 Exerting all his pride,
 Will strive to please Amelia fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

S O N G CLXII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
 While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And was not Flavia then sincere ?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress,
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains ;
 Go reap the plenty of your plains :
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

S O N G

S O N G CLXIII.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To chear me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis to sing:
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 Whilst ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.
 Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please:
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.
 As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles like the summer can chear,
 Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

S O N G CLXIV.

L O V E's E L E G Y. *Set by Mr. Battisbill.*

FAREWELL, Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fann'd love's kindling flame,

Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir,
 Who with gey vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil ; ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills ;
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and chrystal rills ;
 Adieu ; ye bring into my mind
 Those past, those happy days,
 When Iphis found Iantke kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.

E're dawn my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that reason there may send
 That aid she here denies ;
 That time and absence may efface
 Her image from my breast,
 Which, whilst she there maintains a place,
 Can never taste of rest.



S O N G C L X V .

R E T I R E M E N T . *Set by Mr. Battishill,*

FAREWELL the smoky town, adieu
 Each rude and sensual joy :
 Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
 That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
 Where Folly keeps her court,
 To wholesome, sound philosophy,
 And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
 How blest the deep retreat,
 Where sorrow's billows never swell,
 Nor passion's tempest beat !

But

But safely, thro' the sea of life,
 Calm reason wafts us o'er,
 Free from ambition, noise, and strife,
 To death's eternal shore.

SONG CLXVI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair ;
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine.
 How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream;
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn and Damon is my theme :
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain ;
 The hills, &c.
 From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
 Groves, flocks and fountains please no more ;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain ;
 All, all, &c.

S O N G CLXVII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight ;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm in his sight ;
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go ;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
 His pleasure all day is to sit by my side ;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide :
 I bid him depart ; but he, smiling, says No ;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
 I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive ?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow :
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so ?
 What mortal, &c.

'This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake :
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again ;
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

S O N G CLXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay ?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour ;
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child ! it is four :
A lady's

A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels ;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals :
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear.—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me ! says she, let a body but speak ;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck :
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree ;
 Look here ! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made !
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd :
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

SONG CLXIX.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for
 beauty and fame,
 Bright Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim ;
 And, to crown the high transports dear conquest
 excites,

At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's,
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case ?
 A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face ;
 Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled,
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain ;
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
 Than when she possess'd the perfection of face,
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquette it, and tease,
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
 Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life;
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife,
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.

S O N G C L X X .

L O V E in L O W L I F E .

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair;
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:
 They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
 their eyes,
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.
 A fortnight was spent e'er dear Moggy came too;
 (For maidens a decency keep when they woo:)
 At length she consented, and made him a vow;
 And Jockey he gave, for a jointure, his cow.
 They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling untill they came there:
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed:
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.
 They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say;
 And none were so happy, and gamesome, as they:
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind
 For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.
 Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,
 Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?
 Quoth he, Goose, come on! why you now are my
 bride;
 And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.
 He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old
 barn;
 They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXI.

The I N V I T A T I O N .

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, Mrs. VINCENT, Mrs. COLLETT,
and Miss DAVIS, at Marybone-Gardens.*

Mrs. Vincent.

COME, ye party-jangling swains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains ;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

Chorus.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Mr. Lowe.

Sprightly widows, come away ;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay ;
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)
Ever welcome, &c.

Mrs. Collett.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Miss Davis.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming ;
Rage and party-malice dies.
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

S O N G CLXXII.

The KNIFE-GRINDER.

*Sung at Sadler's-Wells.**The Words by Mr. H. Rhodes.*

THERE's grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree
 From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty ;
 Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
 And the wheel goes round, to wind in the pence.
 Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.
 Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
 He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf ;
 He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
 And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.
 Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old ;
 The merchant the tradesman, we need not be told :
 Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
 There's grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
 Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
 The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play'rs ;
 He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,
 And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.
 Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder : what, what, Sirs, of that ?
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great ;
 To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind ;
 'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
 Master grinders enough at the helm you may find,
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

S O N G CLXXIII.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

THE swain, with his flock, by a brook loves to
 rest,
 With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast ;
 The

The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold ;
The Briton, his foe—and the miser, his gold.

The pleasures I chuse, yield more joy to my soul,
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl.
The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toil of the chase,
By the side of a fountain delights to solace ;
At his mistress's feet, the fond lover to whine ;
The beau, at the play or assembly to shine.

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloe's in rapture, to hear herself prais'd ;
The courtier, to find that his income is rais'd :
Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to shine,
And some spiritless lovers, in silence to pine.

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and some
tea,

Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some
play :

Their choices are dull—there's a spirit in wine,
That more than enlivens with rapture divine :

That pleasure I chuse, it yields joy to my soul,
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl.

SONG CLXXIV.

The CONTENTED MILLER.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at Ranelagh.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill, and some meadows—(a freehold
estate)

A well meaning miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that Nature to grand ones denies ;
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions, are health and content :
Their lordships, in lace, may take note, if they will,
For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

E're

Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day,
 He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May ;
 He chearfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great ;
 No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom does fill,
 Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.
 On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chant, or to pray ;
 Sits down to a dinner of plain English food ;
 And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good :
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John ;
 Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
 —No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.

SONG CLXXV.

A favourite SONG. Set by Dr. Boyce.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies :
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy ;
 We for thinking have no leisure
 Manly mirth is our employ
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

SONG

S O N G CLXXVI.

*Sung by Mrs. SCOTT, at Ranelagh. Set to Musick by
Mr. Bach.*

BY my sighs you may discover
What soft wishes touch my heart ;
Eyes can speak, and tell the lover
What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

S O N G CLXXVII.

DAMON and PHILLIS, a Pastoral Dialogue.

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, and Miss DAVIS, at Mary-
bone-Gardens. Set by Mr. Berg.*

Damon. **H**OW fierce is the sun !
Haste, Phillis, let's run,
To shelter a-while in the grove ;
Young Cupid reigns there,
And I'll please thee, my fair,
By telling you stories of love.

Phillis. I'll tell you, young swain,
You attack me in vain ;
Too fatal the going might prove ;
For many a maid
Has there been betray'd,
By list'ning to stories of love.

Damon. V ~~o~~ passion's sincere,
There's no danger to fear ;
The spring-time of beauty improve ;
Nor let it be said,
Phillis dies an old maid,
Averse to the raptures of love.

Phillis.

Phillis. To hear the soft sigh,
When her lover is nigh,
A nymph can't, perhaps, disapprove :
It may flatter her pride ;
But if reason's her guide,
She makes honour attendant on love.

Damon. 'Tis with honour I burn,
Yet, for mutual return,
With Phillis how vainly I've strove !
See our flocks, how they join,
'Tis an omen divine,
Portending compliance and love.

Phillis. Oh ! Damon, I find,
My heart seems inclin'd,
The test of your passion to prove.

Damon. Then be Hymen our guide,
Be the nuptial knot ty'd,
And let wedlock give sanction to love.

Duetto. When love's gentle fire
Enkindles desire,
Suppress the wild maxim to rove ;
Let the nymph and the youth
Plight their honour and truth,
And be happy in virtue and love.

SONG CLXXVIII.
THROW the WOOD LADDIE.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

O Sawney why leav'st thou Nelly to mourn ?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me ;
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho'

(III)

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
I'm fash'd with their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering goes ast to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

S O N G CLXXIX.

The SONG of DIANA. *Sung by Miss POITIER,*
at Covent-Garden Theatre. Set by Dr. Boyce.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am busk'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks:
With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXX.

*Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Ranelagh.**Set by Mr. Goodwin.*

THO' his passion, in silence, the youth would
conceal,

What his tongue would not utter, his eyes still reveal;
And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the grove, or the green, to the dance, or the fair,
Where-ever I go, my blithe shepherd is there;
I know the fond youth by his blush and his smile,
And surely such looks were not made to beguile.

Tho' indifferent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love;
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear:
He should say what I dread, and yet wish most to hear:
Should he mention his love, tho' my pride wou'd deny,
My heart whispers, Celia, fond Celia, comply.

S O N G CLXXXI.

FRIENDSHIP and WINE.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The

The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lye,
 And Cræsus his treasure amass ;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.
 New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft' wins the lover his lass ;
 Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymph's airs ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.
 The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class ;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.
 'Tis friendship and wine,
 Only life can refine,
 We care not what'er comes to pass :
 With courtiers, or great men,
 There's none of us statesmen :
 Come here's to our friend and our glass.

S C N G CLXXXII.

Sung by Miss WEARMAN, at Vauxhall.

Set by Signior Giardini.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear,
 All my soft complaints convey.
 Near some mossy fountain's side,
 Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
 Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
 You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.
 Tell the false one, how I mourn,
 Tell him all my pains and woes ;
 Tell, ah ! tell him to return,
 And bring my wounded heart repose.
 Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

SONG CLXXXIII.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT, at Ranelagh.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,

And hasten away to the plain,

While shepherds attend with their reeds,

To welcome my love and her swain :

The lark is exalted in air,

The linnet sings perch'd on the spray ;

Our lambs stand in need of our care,

Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,

While gamesome young lambs are at sport,

Exceed the delight of a peer,

That shines with such grandeur at court :

When Colin and Strephon go by,

They form a disguise for a while ;

They see how I'm blest with a sigh,

But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers, of liberty prate,

T' enjoy it take infinite pains ;

But liberty's primitive state

Is only enjoy'd on the plains :

With,

With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent ;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flows from content.

SONG CLXXXIV.

Sung by Miss WEARMAN, at Vauxhall.

BREATHE soft, ye winds ; be calm, ye skies ;
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise ;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.

The fragrant rose, a beautiful guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast ;
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

SONG CLXXXV.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, at Marybone-Gardens.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
 vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
 To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,
 The joys which true pleasure can rise in the breast :
 The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
 And the cry of the huntsman is Hark, hark, away :
 Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys !
 Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse, my brave boys.

What pleasures can equal the joys of the chase,
 Where meaner delights to more noble give place !
 While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
 From valley to valley re-echoes the cry :

Our

Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
 We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old Care ;
 Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
 Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

SONG CLXXXVI.
 LOVE and AFFECTION.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

WHEN youth mature, to manhood grew,
 Soon beauty touch'd my heart ;
 From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
 With pleasing, painful smart :
 My bosom dear content forsook,
 And sooth'd the soft dejection ;
 The melting eye, the speaking look,
 Prov'd Love and sweet Affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
 What could a shepherd do ?
 And to submit to sad despair,
 Was not the way to woo.
 At length I told the lovely maid,
 I hop'd she'd no objection
 To talk (while round her lamkins play'd)
 Of Love and sweet Affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
 A blush devoid of guile,
 " And what from me can you expect !"
 She answer'd with a smile.
 " How many nymphs have been betray'd,
 " Through want of calm reflection !
 " Then don't my peace of mind invade
 " With Love and sweet Affection."

Dear

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
 In wedlock's bands let's join;
 My kids, my kine, my heards, my cot,
 My soul itself is thine.
 To church I led the charming fair,
 To Hymen's kind protection;
 And now life's dearest joys we share,
 With Love and sweet Affection.

SONG CLXXXVII.

The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes, compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

Sung by Miss POPE, in The Musical Lady.

LOVE's a sweet and soft musician,
 Who derives his skill from thee;
 Plays on ev'ry disposition,
 Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep

Deep despair now thrums Adagio,
 Lively hope now sounds Coragio;
 O! the ravishing transition!
 Tweedle dum, and tweedle dee.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. PRENTICE, at Sadler's-Wells.

THE truths that I sing none deny me,
 They're truths that must ever prevail;
 Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
 They are what we expected, and stale;
 Your troops, and your fleets, our disdain are,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 When Bess, that brave queen, rul'd the nation,
 'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail;
 She dealt to the Dons tribulation,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 And thus we will serve them for ever,
 Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;
 There's none like our people, so clever,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 Free-born, we support our defender,
 To our sons we hand down the detail;
 Defy the de'il, pope, and pretender,
 By the force of our English good Ale.

S O N G CXC.

Sung by Mr. COOKE, at Sadler's-Wells.

WHat a blockhead is he that's afraid to die poor!
 We came into the world with our skins, and
 no more:
 So the matter is plain, he that worships his pelf,
 Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

I'll have women and wine, I'll have horses and hound,
And my taste in all shapes shall be rul'd by no bounds:
For the matter is plain, &c.

'Tis a smatch of them all must afford the true joy,
In an olio of sports that the heart cannot cloy:
For the matter is plain, &c.

If a miser you prove, the whole world with you dead,
And your wife and your son, pluck the prop from
your head:

So the matter is plain, &c.

Let me live then thro' life, well-belov'd and at ease,
My cash shall provide me whatever I please:

For the matter is plain, he that worships his pelf,
Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

SONG CXCI.

The FAIR MONITOR.

Sung by Miss BROWN, at Sadler's-Wells.

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;

When vows were offer'd at your shrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:

When you cou'd sing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame nature's fav'rite blow,

The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
How short a date their beauties know,

Surrounded by a thousand foes;

'Till time decrees their full decay,

And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation owns this truth;

Then why shou'd wrinkled brows exact

The mode, severe on blooming youth,

By which themselves cou'd never act;

The

The blood that's warm will have its way,
Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim Care deride;
Come sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age, and prudish pride:
The laws of love—all should obey,
Before December treads on May.

S O N G CXCII.

Sung by Mr. COOKE, at Sadler's-Wells.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind;
My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
And my mistress as fond of each fellow she meets.
Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,
Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease;
Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the same as another to me.
So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine
For false-hearted gipsies they title divine;
At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.
For go things how they will, I'll not make the least
strife,

But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good-humour and sense,
Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence;
And for those that would jilt me, deceive and betray,
In honefter bumbers I'll wash them away.

'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

S O N G

SONG CXCIH.

CONTENT: A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON. Set by Mr. Goodwin, jun.

O'E R moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,

As wilder'd and wearied I roam;
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances she
cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views;
Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
And mark out new themes for my muse.

To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cotager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

S O N G CXCIV.

EV'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
 Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's
 for news ;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
 And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise :
 But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's career,
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care ;
 When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-home,
 And, their labour being o'er, are at leisure to roam ;
 From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
 And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me all chearfully stand,
 And none dares to stir, but the dog I command ;
 When they covey he springs, and I bring down my
 bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford,
 No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickets, devoid of all fear,
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and wookcocks my bag often fill ;
 For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun,
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command ;
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand :

When

When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
spring,
With heart-cheering notes, how they make the woods
ring!

Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay ;
Then I think of my friends, and to each send a part,
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart :
Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

S O N G CXC.V.

*Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in the English Opera of
Almena. Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

THE golden radiance of the sun,
Mild glancing thro' the cedar bow'rs,
Renews the glories of the day :
The beauteous scene's again begun,
Which nature freshens and empow'rs,
And every bird exalts his lay.

Sweet is the prime of florid June,
Sweet are the meadows as they smile,
And sweet the rural minstrel's song ;
But sweeter is the mind in tune,
Sweeter the heart unknown to guile,
And sweeter where the virtues throng.

S O N G CXC.VI.

Sung by Mr. PRENTICE, at Sadler's-Wells.

YE lads, and ye lasses, who bloom in your prime,
I love and regard ye, the jewels of time ;
Then list, and attend to the words that I say,
For life's a mere vapour, a thing of decay.

As now let me find ye with smiles on your brows,
Each nymph prove indulgent, each youth keep his
vows ; [chime,

Save love and good-humour, with hearts that true
All joys that men boast of are insults of time.

What a wretch must he be, who so doats upon pelf,
To think that no mortal feels want but himself;
Who starves 'midst the guineas he counts o'er with
glee !

Such, such are the vilest abusers of me.

The girl that is squeamish, the icy-fac'd prude ;
The man that is flinty, remorseless, and rude ;
With him that's a milk-sop, and baulks the full toast,
As time they abandon, by time shall be lost.

But still to the chearful, the good, and the gay,
December shall meet them still mild as the May ;
Hand-in-hand I'll conduct them, who live without
crime,

From the sons of the earth to the father of time.

SONG CXCVII.

Sung by Signor GIUSTINELLI, in Almena,

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

HOW can I my heart surrender,
And not most unfaithful prove?
Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
When from pity rises love.

But, can honour prove ungrateful,
And the vows of love suppress?
'Tis unmanly, if deceitful,
When we're blest we cease to bless.

S O N G CXCVIII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

THE martial host, and tented plain,
May fright the poor and timid swain,
Who never felt ambition's fire ;
But nothing awes, or should controul,
The truly great, undaunted soul,
That dares to empire's height aspire.

S O N G CXCIX.

Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

WOULD you taste of freedom's charms,
Zara courts thee to her arms,
Distress, like thine, should pity move,
And pity's ray should kindle love.
For my heart adopts thy woes,
Melting, thrilling, as it grows ;
Leave thy cell, and follow me,
Love and Zara set thee free.

S O N G CC.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

NOW peace shall claim its soft dominion,
And gentle love shall sway the heart ;
Ambition sinks on wearied pinion,
And tyranny has lost its darts.
Again shall smiling joy and pleasure
Advance together hand-in-hand ;
And plenty spread its golden treasure,
To brighten the deliver'd land.

S O N G CCI.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

WHEN beauty, on the lover's soul,
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It soon does reason's force controul,
And every passion quite disarms.
'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'ry feature blooms divine ;
'Tis beauty makes the king a slave,
When in angel's form, like thine.

S O N G CCII.

Sung by Miss WILLIAMS, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

THE sweets of peace shall be our own,
And smiling plenty crown the plains ;
'Tis peace adorns the monarch's throne,
And cheers the cottage of the swains.
The rising sun shall bless the mead,
And fair the mountain olive spring ;
The vine its richest clusters spread,
When glory crowns a patriot king.

S O N G CCIII.

Sung by Signora CREMONINI, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,
My heart is still distress'd ;
Afflictive as the plaintive dove,
When plunder'd of her nest,

Whence

Whence sad and moaning, all the day
She pines in solitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly,

On Time's expanded wings,
'Till my Almena stops the sigh

That for her safety springs;
Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
And safe conduct her to these arms.

} Omitted in the
Performance.

S O N G CCIV.

D U E T T O. *Sung by Signora CREMONINI and
Miss WRIGHT, in Almena.*

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

A S flows the cool and purling rill,
In silver mazes down the hill,
It cheers the myrtle, and the vine,
That in each other's foliage twine.
So streams from the maternal heart,
What tender nature can impart;
Thus happy in my arms to fold,
And to my heart Almena hold.

S O N G CCV.

A H U N T I N G S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Apollo and Daphne.

T H E sun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold.
How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay!
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court;
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the foldier hunts fame ;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
 With hounds and with horn, thro' the woodlands to
 roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

S O N G C C V I .

The M A R R I E D M A N .

Set and sung by Mr. HUDSON.

I Am married, and happy : with wonder hear this,
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And who only loose pleasures engage :

You.

You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride ;
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive—never sincere ;
Oft' stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts, and by fear :
But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,
True love is with sentiment join'd ;
But your's is a passion, a seav'rish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.
When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this, and with that ye are cloy'd :
Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft' by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short—" from a wife,
" Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature I
" chose,
" Which are beauties that charm us for life."
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
And we find ourselves happy from morning to night
By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G CCVII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON and Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

Phœbe.

O F Colin's tender love possess'd,
My heart is glad, my spirits blest'd ;
His chearful looks, his soul sincere,
Shall give the smile, and wipe the tear.

Colin.

No splendour gilds my homely scene,
My stores are few, my cottage mean ;
But Phœbe's smile rewards my pain,
And Colin is a wealthy swain.

Both.

No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No fears alarm, no cares molest.

Colin.

Pleas'd with the nymph, my hopes pursue ;
For she is kind, and I am true.

Phœbe.

Pleas'd with the swain, my hopes pursue ;
For he is kind, and I am true.

S O N G CCVIII.

Sung by Mr. YATES, in The Capricious Lovers.

W H E N the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummas's sake ;
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout ;
O those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then

Then our partners were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as kings;
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,
 And the lasses in all their best things:
 What merriment all the day long!
 May the feast of our Colin prove such;
 Odzooks! but I'll join in the song,
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

S O N G CCIX.

Sung by Mr. YATES, in The Capricious Lovers.

TH O' my features, I'm told,
 Are grown wrinkled and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest;
 Not a wrinkle is there,
 Which is furrow'd with care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.
 When I look on my boys,
 They renew all my joys,
 Myself in my children I see;
 While the comforts I find
 In the kingdom, my mind,
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.
 In the days I was young,
 Oh! I caper'd and sung,
 The lasses came flocking apace;
 But now turn'd of threescore,
 I can do so no more—
 Why then let my boy take his place.
 Of our pleasures we crack;
 For we still love the smack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been;
 Yet why should we repine?
 You've had your's, I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.

S O N G

SONG CCX.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board and deck thy cot ;
With joy I fly the simple youth,
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.
Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown ;
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

SONG CCXI.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.
When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love ;
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.
With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in am'rous play ;
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

SONG CCXII.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
I rov'd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.

The

The charms I boast, alas ! how few,
 I gave to nature's care ;
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair,

S O N G CCXIII.

Sung by Mr. SCOTT, in The Capricious Lovers.

IF tyrant love, with cruel dart,
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart ;
 Of easy faith, and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.
 'Till left, her helpless state to moun,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn :
 She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
 As well as darts, the god has wings.

S O N G CCXIV.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in The Capricious Lovers.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.
 Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap ;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent a gentle tap.
 All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.
 'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

S O N G

S O N G C C X V .

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. *A Cantata.**Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

N E A R a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought :
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd ;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene ;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.

Half.

Half-rai'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mien,
 Thy love-inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, enchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gate ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead ;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul ;
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date ;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

S O N G

S O N G CCXVI.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and
 free,

Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me;
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
 cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
 Your wine-tilpling, dram-sipping fellows, retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
 But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd
 fruit;

But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with
 our poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-
 jaws ring;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
 souls,

Who will shed their last drop for their country
 and king.

Let us sing, &c.

S O N G CCXVII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Boyce.

AS Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
 With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he prest,
 While his passion he breath'd in the grove;

As

As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,
 As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my love.

If e'er this heart roves, or revolts from its chains,
 May Ceres in rage quit the vallies and plains,
 May Pan his protection deny :
 In vain wou'd young Phillis and Laura be kind ;
 On the lips of another no rapture I find ;
 With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore, but the queen of the May,
 Young Jenny the wanton, by chance, tript that way,
 And sought sweet repose in the shade.
 With sorrow young lovers, I tell the soft tale,
 The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,
 And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,
 In form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh,
 Of shepherds the envy and pride :
 Ah ! blame not the maid, if, o'ercome by his truth,
 Her hand, and her heart, she bestow'd on the youth,
 And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example, ye fair,
 That a pleasing revenge shall take place of despair ;
 Give sorrow and care to the wind :
 If faithful the swain, to his passion be true ;
 If false, seek redress in a lover that's new,
 And pay each inconstant in kind.

S O N G CCXVIII.

The ACCIDENT. *Sung at Sadler's-Wells.*

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
 Young Damon came up, to address his soft tale,
So

So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown ;
For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd
down.

Lord blefs me ! says I, what a deuce can you mean,
To come thus upon me, unthought-of, unseen !
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend ;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance ;
But pretty excuses made up the mischance :
He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow ;
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade !
His bait prov'd too strong, alas ! for a maid :
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at ;
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh ;
For, if he should press, I shou'd surely comply,
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing else.

SONG CCXIX.

DUET. *Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Miss YOUNG.*

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the ecchoing horn !
When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed :
But, oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
cries :

For

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well-scented hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

S O N G CCXX.

A Dialogue. Set by Dr. Boyce.

He.

HA S T E, haste, ev'ry nymph, and each swain,
to the grove ;
For Venus is there, 'tis the season for love :
Obey the kind summons ; for, if she's defy'd,
Your boldness she'll conquer, and punish your pride.

She.

Oh hear me, ye fair ones, nor heedlessly run ;
The path to delight, is the road you should shun :
Fly far from the grove if Venus be there ;
Her summons is cruel, her smiles are a snare.

He.

Sure nature was never averse to delight ;
Where pleasure is present, fear soon takes its flight :
Proud nymph, if by kindness you cannot be warm'd,
Remember that Venus her Cupid has arm'd.

She.

I fear not his vengeance, his bow, nor his darts ;
'Tis credulous folly that softens our hearts :
But virtue's the shield, those hearts can secure,
And passion's a sickness discretion can cure.

He.

Discretion ! why Venus would laugh at the name :
If once in your bosom she kindles a flame,
In spite of yourself, you would hie to the grove ;
For reason can't struggle 'gainst nature and love.

She.

Go, leave me, deceiver, let reason prevail ;
'Gainst nature and passion let fear turn the scale.

Both.

Nay, traitor, forbear ; I'm to honour a slave.
 Nay, fairest, be kinder ; to love I'm a slave.

S O N G CCXXI.

The Words from Shakespear. Sung at Ranelagh.

C O M E, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountains yields :
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make the beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slipper for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs :
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight, each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G CCXXII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
 That e'er gave shepherd glee ;
 Not May-day, in its morning-dress,
 Is half so fair as she :
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore ;
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.
 No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
 Where bees their honey sip,
 Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip :
 But, ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
 The ripe temptation shun ;
 Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.
 Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the morn ;
 More sportive than the kids I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn :
 To ev'ry maid love-ales I told,
 And did my truth aver ;
 Yet ere the parting kiss was cold
 I laugh'd at love and l'er.
 But now the gloomy grove I seek,
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray ;
 There to the winds my grief I speak,
 And sigh my soul away :
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see ;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
 My lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the plains shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.

S O N G CCXXIII.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.
 Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.
 Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.
 Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
 divine,
 First pledgemewith kisses, next pledge me with wine;
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.
 But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXIV.

STREPHON of the HILL. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

L E T others Damon's praise rehearse,
Or Colin's at their will ;
I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
Young Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill ;
Who shou'd my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the Hill ?

He tap't my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss ;
I could not take it ill ;
For nothing sure is done amiss
By Strephon of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely maid ! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy swain to kill :
Consent this day to be the bride
Of Strephon of the Hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
See how they sit and bill ;
So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the Hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious still !
May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me
With Strephon of the Hill.

S O N G CCXXV.

In the Oratorio of Susanna.

A S K if yon damask rose is sweet
That scents the ambient air ;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say,

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove ?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine ;
 Ye bards, unenvied laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

S O N G CCXXVI.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the English-
 man's food,
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood ;
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good :
 O the roast beef of Old England !
 And O the Old English roast beef !
 But since we have learnt from all-conquering France
 To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
 We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance :
 O the roast beef, &c.
 Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song :
 O the roast beef, &c.
 But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten,—and tame,
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame :
 O the roast beef, &c.
 When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
 The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown :
 O the roast beef, &c.
 In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again ;
 As witness, the vaunting armada of Spain :
 O the roast beef, &c.

Oh !

Oh ! then they had stomachs to eat, and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do them-
selves right ;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good-night
O the roast beef of Old England !
And O the Old English roast beef !

S O N G CCXXVII.

CROSS PURPOSES. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry ;
But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry ;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary flights his passion :
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hall a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly :
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hall despises Mary ;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry :
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer ;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

H

Then,

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove ?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
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And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry :
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer ;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

H

Then,

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation ;
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

S O N G CCXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. VERNON,

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart ;
 For examples move us never ;
 We must feel, to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view ;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :
 But, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe,
 Foolish woman to believe.

S O N G CCXXIX.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how
 true)
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;
 That

That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune :
 All this has been told me by twenty before ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more,
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring ;
 My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring :
 For charms such as these then your praises give o'er ;
 To love me for life, you must love me still more,
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air ;
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there :
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the day :
 For that if you love me, your flame may be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G CCXXX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Chaplet.

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair :
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke ?
 What know we of angels ?—I meant it in joke :
 I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove :
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year ;
 And not yet contented !—Have conscience, my dear.

S O N G CCXXXI.

Sung in The Chaplet.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,

While thus we sit round on the grass :
The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass ;
What'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel behold in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass ;
And oft', while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass,
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with brass,
Tho' he talk to no purpose, he pockets your fee ;
There you, my good friend, are an ass,
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this class ;
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an ass,
But death, &c.

Then

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and lass;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

S O N G CCXXXII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
 smart?

What Lethe can banish the pain?
 What cure can be met with to sooth the fond heart
 That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The sports of the wake and the green!
 When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,
 In accents so piercing and clear;
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,
 As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
 And Damon pretended to love.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

Farewell, my Pastora, no longer your swain,
 Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
 Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain;
 My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.

Sing tol derol derol,
 Derol tol lol derol lol lol;
 Sing tol derol lol lol lol derol.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay;
 How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day!
 Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
 In chirping soft notes they her pity implore:
 She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er,
 'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

Sung in The Chaplet.

Damon.

THREE goddesses standing together,
 Thus puzzled young Paris one day:
 Can I judge the value of either,
 Where both bear so equal a sway?

Pastora.

Consider my wit and condition,
 Consider my person likewise;
 I never was us'd to petition;
 But pr'ythee make use of your eyes.

Laura.

No merit I plead, but my passion;
 'Twas needless to mention your vow:
 Reflect, with a little compassion,
 On what this poor bosom feels now.

Damon.

Damon.

Some genius direct me, or dæmon,
 Or else I may chance to choose wrong :—
 You're part of the goods of Palemon ; [To *Past.*
 I give you to whom you belong.

S O N G CCXXXV.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in The Chaplet.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
 Nor can I fix one single heart,
 Yet I'm not old nor ugly :
 Let me consult my faithful glass——
 A face much worse than this might pass,
 Methinks I look full smugly.
 Yet blest with all these pow'rful charms,
 The young Palemon fled these arms,
 That wild unthinking rover :
 Hope, silly maids, as sure to bind
 The rolling stream, the flying wind,
 As fix a rambling lover.
 But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
 In vain they struggle to get loose,
 And make a mighty riot :
 Like madmen, how they rave and swear ;
 A while they shake their chains, and stare——
 But then lie down in quiet.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

Sung in The Chaplet.

I Know that my person is charming,
 Beyond what a clown can discover ;
 That dowdy, your senses alarming,
 Proves what a dull thing is a lover.

I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
 Where beauty is follow'd by merit :
 Your taste, simple Damon, I pity ;
 Your wit who would wish to inherit ?
 Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
 And that I my anger would smother :
 The loss of one lover can't vex me ;
 My charms will procure me another.
 I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
 (How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !)
 I wish you much joy of your fury ;
 (My rage into pieces could tear 'em !)

S O N G CCXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Chaplet.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
 Must my fond suit miscarry ?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry :
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry.
 Then speak your mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry ;
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry :
 With you, &c.
 Tho' charms and wit assail,
 The stroke I well can parry :
 I love to kiss, to toy and play ;
 But do not choose to marry :
 I love, &c.
 Young Molly of the dale
 Makes a mere slave of Harry ;
 Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
 The foolish swain would marry ;
 Because, &c.

These

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
 But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry :
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
 But hang me if I marry.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Mrs. VERNON, in
 The Chaplet.*

Damon.

CONTENTED all day I will sit at your side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool
 tide ;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

Laura.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
 please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
 For my shepherd, &c.

Damon.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay ;
 Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life,
 For he who, &c.

Laura.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the
 fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;

Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend,
 Nor betray, &c.

Duetto.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd ;
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found :
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
 youth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
 youth.

S O N G C C X X X I X .

The P O W E R of N A T U R E .

Sung by Mr. Long.

WHERE virtue encircles the fair,
 There lillies and roses are vain ;
 Each blossom must drop with despair,
 Where innocence takes up her reign :
 No gaudy embellishing arts
 The fair-one need call to her aid,
 Who kindly by nature imparts
 The graces that nature has made.

The swain who has sense, must despise
 Each coquettish art to ensnare ;
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
 Attend to my counsel, ye fair :
 Let virgins whom nature has blest,
 Her sovereign dictates obey ;
 For beauties by nature exprest
 Are beauties that never decay.

S O N G CCXL.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN a maid, in a way of marriage,
 First is courted by a man,
 Let'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.
 Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
 Still she shams it coy and cold;
 Fearing to confess it plainly,
 Lest the folks should think her bold.
 But the parson comes in sight,
 Gives the word to bill and coo;
 'Tis a different story quite,
 And she quickly buckles to.

S O N G CCXLI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover,
 After walking three long miles;
 One kind look at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning vixen!
 I can see your roguish smiles.
 Addfids! my mind is so possest,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 'There's at once an end of arguing:
 I am hers, she is mine;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G CCXLII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, Miss HALLAM, Mr. SHUTER, Miss BRENT, and Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

Mr. Mattocks.

YIELD who will, to form a martyr,
While, unaw'd by idle shame,
Pride for happiness I barter,
Heedless of the millions' blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter :
Woman graced in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.

Miss Hallam.

Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,
What new joys within me rise,
While Mamma, her frowns assuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannize !
So, long storms and tempests raging,
When the blust'ring fury dies,
Ah ! how lovely, how engaging,
Prospects fair, and cloudless skies !

Mr. Shuter.

Dad ! but this is wond'rous pretty,
Singing each a round-de-lay ;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Tho' I scarce know what to say.
There's a daughter brisk and witty,
Here's a wife can wisely sway ;
Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity
Not to let them have their way.

Miss Brent.

My example is a rare one,
But the cause may be divin'd ;
Women want not merit——dare one
Hope discerning men to find ?

O may

O may each accomplish'd fair one,
 Bright in person, sage in mind;
 Viewing my good fortune, share one
 Full as splendid, and as kind.

Mr. *Beard*.

Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,
 And expos'd for folks to see't;
 'Tis as thof a man repented
 For his follies in a sheet.
 But my wrongs go unresented,
 Since the fates have thought them meet;
 This good company contented,
 All my wishes are complete.

S O N G CCXLIII.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in The Maid of the Mill.

HIST, hift! I hear my mother call!
 Pr'ythee be gone,
 We'll meet anon.—
 Catch this, and this—
 Blow me a kiss,
 In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.
 Farewell!—and yet a moment stay,
 Something beside I have to say;
 Well, 'tis forgot;—
 No matter what.
 Love grant us grace,
 The mill's the place.
 She calls again, I must away.

S O N G CCXLIV.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in The Maid of the Mill.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do ye mean?
 I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatter demallions—
 If one of them comes within reach of my cane.

Such

Such cursed assurance,
 'Tis past all endurance.
 Nay, nay, pray come away.
 They're lyars and thieves,
 And he that believes
 Their foolish predictions
 Will find them but fictions,
 A bubble that always deceives.

S O N G CCXLV.

Set by Mr. Howard.

WH Y heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can
 it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near;
 Or why when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?
 Or why when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 mind,

With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
 There native good-humour and virtue reside:
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him who without thee must die,
 With compassion for him who without thee must die.

S O N G CCXLVI.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO shepherd was like Strephon gay,
 No swain to me so dear;
 'Twas rapture all the live-long day
 His song, his pipe, to hear,
 His song, his pipe, to hear:

Yet

Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love,
 His passion I'd forbid ;
 For what I felt to hide I strove ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon my word I did.

The spring, when nature wakes to youth,
 And looks all life and joy,
 The summer's sun, saw Strephon's truth,
 Saw Chloe still was coy,
 Saw Chloe, &c.

At length he vow'd, Thou cruel fair,
 Disdain my heart has freed :
 He spoke, and left me in despair ;
 Upon my word he did,
 Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I !
 My pride has caus'd my pain :
 From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh ! Strephon, come again,
 Oh ! Strephon, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender lamb,
 That in the grove lay hid ;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his name ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd, my well-known voice to hear,
 In sounds of soft delight,
 With eager steps the youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd sight,
 And met, &c.

No pow'r had I, all art was vain,
 Of Strephon to get rid ;
 My panting heart confess'd the swain ;
 Upon my word it did,
 Upon, &c.

O nymph,

O nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to meet,
My soul with joy o'erflows !

The bee, that roves from sweet to sweet,
Like me, prefers the rose,
Like me, &c.

Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,
Let other youths succeed ;
My Chloe welcom'd me again ;
Upon my word she did,
Upon, &c.

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,
My hand with warmth he prest ;
O ! speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe, speak,
Shall Strephon now be blest ?
Shall Strephon now be blest ?

Ah ! who that lov'd so well, so long,
The shepherd could have chid ?
Perhaps you think I held my tongue :
Upon my word I did,
Upon my word I did.

SONG CCXLVII.

The ADVICE.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

YE nymphs, who to the throne of love
With hearts submissive bow ;
Who hope the mutual bliss to prove,
That crowns the nuptial vow,
That crowns the nuptial vow ;
Thro' caution's glass, by reason lent,
Oh ! view your lovers clearly,
Nor think to wed, till that present
The man that loves you dearly,
Nor think to wed, till that present
The man that loves you dearly,
The man that loves you dearly.

Still

Still blind to wisdom's ray, the rake
 No social bliss allows;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing spouse,
 A good-for-nothing spouse.
 Nor trust the sop, tho' piteous sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly;
 His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly;
 His own, &c.

But when, with ev'ry manly grace,
 A youth of soul refin'd,
 Who doating on your form and face,
 Thinks brighter still your mind,
 Thinks brighter still your mind;
 When such shall for the favour sue,
 Oh! yield your hand sincerely,
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment, dearly;
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment, dearly,
 To life's last moment, dearly.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

YE chearful virgins, have you seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose
 Join'd with the lilly as it grows,
 Where each in sweetness vie,
 Where each in sweetness vie.

Like

Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay
 That warbles chearful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam,
 To hail the vernal beam.

Her heart is blither than her song;
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream.

SONG CCXLIX.

CHARMING BESSY.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful nine,
 With numbers soft and witty;
 To Bessy I inscribe the line,
 Then raise my humble ditty:
 To Bessy I inscribe the line,
 Then raise my humble ditty.
 Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song;
 And, as ye waft the sound along,
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,
 To praise my charming Bessy,
 My lovely, charming Bessy.
 Let others sing the cruel fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his ruin,
 And proudly, &c.
 Such haughty tyrants I detest;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gently-swelling breast,
 My lovely, charming Bessy,
 My lovely, &c.

The

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,
 The violet and the pansy :
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,
 To aid my am'rous fancy ;
 The cowslip, &c.
 Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
 Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,
 Around my fair your odours fling,
 Around my charming Bessy,
 Around, &c.
 When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,
 The sun no longer burning,
 Methinks I see before my eyes
 Thy well-known form returning.
 Methinks, &c.
 On hill or dale, by wood or stream,
 Thou art alone my constant theme,
 My waking wish, my morning dream,
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy,
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy.

S O N G C C L.

The R E S O L U T I O N.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

CEASE, Cupid, cease thy fond alarms,
 For I am safe from future harms,
 My heart, once free, shall ne'er again
 Or feel love's pleasure,
 Or feel love's pleasure, or its pain :
 No ; from this day, this very hour,
 I turn a rebel to thy pow'r ;
 Since truth and honour cannot move,
 What, what have I to do with love ?
 What, what have I to do with love ?

A nymph more fair I ne'er shall find
 Than lovely, faithless Rosalind :

Beware

Beware, ye swains, nor trust your eyes ;
 The wretch who gazes, surely dies :
 No swain could vie in bliss with me ;
 No nymph e'er seem'd more fond than she,
 Who vow'd by each dread pow'r above ;
 Then what had I to do, but love ?
 Then what, &c.

But when she found I hugg'd my chain,
 Nor wish'd for liberty again,
 She bid me all my hopes give o'er,
 And think of her and love no more :
 Say then, if she no longer deign
 To hear my vows, or soothe my pain ;
 If she no more my verse approve,
 What, what have I to do with love ?
 What, what, &c.

Henceforth adieu, ye treach'rous fair ;
 To scenes far distant I'll repair ;
 In desert plains, and forests rude,
 I'll court my mistress, Solitude :
 No more shall faithless woman's art
 Insnare my fond believing heart ;
 Like Nature's son, at large I'll rove,
 And have no more to do with love,
 And have no more to do with love.

S O N G CCLI.

A M A N D A.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

BY the dew-besprinkled rose ;
 By the blackbird piping clear ;
 By the western gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal year ;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let him longer sigh in vain :
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

By

By the cowslip, clad in gold ;
 By the silver lilly's light ;
 By those meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in green and white ;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 And to his sighs, oh ! sigh again :
 Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race ;
 By the music that it makes ;
 By bright Sol's inverted face,
 Who for the stream his sky forsakes ;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 And into joy convert his pain :
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 And into joy convert his pain.

S O N G CCLII.

The QUEEN of M A Y.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

EV'RY nymph and shepherd, bring
 Tributes to the queen of May ;
 Rife for her brows the spring ;
 Make her as the season gay,
 Make her as the season gay.
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting hour ;
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting hour,
 How to use the fleeting hour.

Now the fair Narcissus blows,
 With his sweetness now delights ;
 By his side, the maiden rose
 With her artlets blush invites,
 With her, &c.

Such

Such, so fragrant, and so gay,
Is the blooming queen of May;
Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
Soon he droops his languid head;
From the rose her purple flies,
None inviting to her bed,
None, &c.

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
Soon shall be the queen of May;
Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,
By the suffrage of the swains,
Beauty, like the vernal green,
In thy shrine not long remains,
In thy shrine not long remains.
Bless, then, quickly, bless the youth,
Who deserves thy love and truth;
Bless, then, quickly, bless the youth,
Who deserves thy love and truth,
Who deserves thy love and truth.

S O N G CCLIII.

C O L I N and P H Œ B E.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
And cowslips adorn the gay green,
The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
Contribute to brighten the scene;
The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
Contribute to brighten the scene.
In a cottage, retir'd, there live
Young Colin, and Phœbe the fair;
The blessings each other receive,
In mutual enjoyments they share;

The

The blessings each other receive,
 In mutual enjoyment they share.
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Colin her swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride ;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 Whilst blest with his beautiful bride ;
 No wants, &c.

He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay ;
 And return, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin, who lives in the dale.

If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair one partakes of his bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss ;
 If dejected, &c.

She despises the artful deceit,
 That is practis'd in city and court ;
 Thinks happiness no where complete,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort ;
 Thinks happiness, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they're as kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey ;
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey :
 Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace ;
 The charms of the mind, when posselt,
 Will dignify those of the face ;

And

PHILANDER and SYLVIA.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

Sylvia. What if thy flock should leave the plain,
While Tray is sleeping by my swain?
Wouldst thou not think the minutes dear,
And rail at me that kept thee here?
And rail, &c.

Sylvia. So oft you game, some shepherds say,
And only jest, when you betray,
And only, &c.

Phil. The turtle shall forsake his love,
E're I to thee inconstant prove,
E're I, &c.

Both. When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown,
And virtue then ascends her throne,
And virtue then ascends her throne.

S O N G CCLV.

*Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in The Winter's Tale.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear ;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear ;
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
But we all the children of Nature are bred :
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
breast.

The giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet chearfulness open our door ;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel ;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G CCLVI.

Set by Count de St. Germain.

O H! would'st thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me ;

I

Who

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 From each ungen'rous passion free ;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows,
 Gentle to all, but kind to me ;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart ;
 A gentle train from falshood free ;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ! ye light coquettes, retire,
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire ;
 Unmov'd your tinsell'd charms I see ;
 More genuine beauties are for me.

S O N G CCLVII.

Sung in The Shepherd's Lottery.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
 And revel to night's awful noon,
 O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
 All by the clear light of the moon ?
 My passion I seek not to screen ;
 Then can I refuse you your boon ?
 I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
 All by the clear light of the moon.
 I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
 All by the clear light of the moon.

The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,
 Then charms all the plains with her tune,
 And glad of the absence of morn,
 salutes the pale light of the moon :

How

How sweet is the jessamine grove ?
 And sweet are the roses of June ;
 But sweeter the language of love,
 Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.
 But sweeter, &c.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,
 Unwilling to grant me my boon :
 Away, envious sunshine ! away,
 Give place to the light of the moon :
 But say, will you never deceive
 The last whom you conquer'd too soon,
 And leave a soft maiden to grieve
 Alone by the light of the moon ?
 And leave, &c.

The planets shall start from their spheres,
 Ere I prove so fickle a loon ;
 Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,
 Dear maid, by the light of the moon :
 Our loves when the shepherds shall view,
 To us they their pipes shall attune,
 While we our soft pleasures renew,
 Each night by the light of the moon :
 While we our soft pleasures renew,
 Each night by the light of the moon.

S O N G CCLVIII.

C A N T A T A. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat,
 Revolving on the will of Fate,
 A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
 Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair :

(172)

AIR.

Thou venal bloom of beauty's tree,
I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
With transport I receiv'd the tale,
That such a gem was up for sale.
Could I command the starry train,
For thee I'd give it back again ;
And if I could, to make thee mine,
The universe should all be thine.

Go hence, the maid with softness cries ;
Merit the best deserves the prize :
The tale you've heard was falsely told ;
Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be sold.

S O N G CCLIX.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

AIR.

WHO'LL buy a heart ? Myrtilla cries,
And throws around her wanton eyes ;
An easy shape, a graceful air,
A face like lovely Hebe's fair ;
A pair of eyes, that wound at sight,
And foil the di'mond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
The soul-enchancing joys of love ;
Quickly, quickly come ; for he
Buys, that bids the most for me.

AIR.

But let no sordid wretch presume,
With even Cræsus' wealth to come ;
Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold
Such charms as these can e'er be sold.
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take.

S O N G

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S O N G CCLX.

*Written by William Whitehead, Esq; Poet
Laureat.*

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

Y E S, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me ;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me :
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no Graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather been uncivil.
'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman :
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
Of Celia all together,
Of Celia all together.

S O N G CCLXI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

M Y former time, how brisk and gay !
So blithe was I as blithe could be ;
But now I'm sad, ah ! well-a-day ;
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me ;
 For I, to death, shall love but one,
 And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs 'till light return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she ;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love returns from sea.

S O N G CCLXII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE ecchoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away !
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hills, and o'er valleys, he flies :
 Then follow—we'll soon overtake him—Huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G CCLXIII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch, he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth)
 Grant me but innocence and health;
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

S O N G CCLXIV.

*Sung by Miss POITIER, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure
 In sighing, and crying—Heigho?

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
 Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
 And never sit crying—Heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—Heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so:
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 And no one will mind you—Heigho!

S O N G CCLXV.

*Sung by Miss POITIER, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

W H E N I was a young one, what girl was like
me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
A fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas, This, Sir—and That, Sir—but scarce ever
Nay ;

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
Well rest him—We all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone ;
Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
tow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This Time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his dart ;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that others I once did my self.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXVI.

*Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally :
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam ;
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy :
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come ! thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley ;
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

S O N G CCLXVII.

*Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LIFE's a garden, rich in treasure,
 Bury'd like the seeds in earth :
 There lie joy, contentment, pleasure ;
 But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
 We no happiness can taste ;
 But in cold obstruction lying,
 Life is all one barren waste.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

*Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, and Miss Brent, in
Thomas and Sally.*

Mr. Mattocks.

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;
Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away;
I'll give you this purse, and, hark you, beside,
We'll kiss, and we'll toy, all the long summer's day.

Miss Brent.

Of kissing and toying you soon will be tir'd,
Should poor hapless Salley consent to be naught;
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to be
bought.

Mr. Mattocks.

Fear not, my dear Sally, the world's busy tongue;
Soon above scandal my girl shall be put;
Then laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking on foot.

Miss Brent.

If only the fear of the world made me shy;
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;
Their pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I could purchase my own?

Mr. Mattocks.

Leave morals to grey beards; those lips were design'd
For better employment——

Miss Brent.

————— I'll not be a whore!

Mr.

(179)

Mr. *Mattocks*.

O fie, child!—love bids you be rich and be kind ;

Miss *Brent*.

But virtue commands me, be honest and poor.

S O N G CCLXIX.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done ;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run ;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine !
But, mark you the consequence, mun ;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun ;
She'll tell you she hates you, and fear she'll cry out ;
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G CCLXX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FROM plowing the ocean, and threshing moun-
feer,
In Old England we're landed once more ;

Your

Your hands, my brave comrades, holloo, boys, what
cheer

For a sailor that's just come ashore ?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
And to cut us and slash us—Morbliou !

But hold there—avast—they were plaguily out :

We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Your invaders shall soon do you right ?

The Lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,

But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,

Your damn'd party and idle contest ;

And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,

Who shall fight for his country best.

A seafaring spark if the maids can affect,

Bid the simpering gypsies look to't ;

Sound bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry respect,

And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,

Have more art to persuade, and the like ;

But 'ware those false colours—for better, for worse,

Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king ! may he prosperous reign,

Of no power, no faction, afraid ;

May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,

At all points of the compass display'd !

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,

Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;

No ignorant pilot's e'er sit at her helm,

Or her anchor of Liberty fail ?

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXI.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Miss BRENT, in Thomas
and Sally. Set by Dr. Arne.*

Thomas.

I E T fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt ;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sally.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye ;
I down the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

Thomas.

For this the sailor, on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast ;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

Sally.

For this the virgin pines, and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes,
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Duetto.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind ;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arné.*

AUSPICIOUS spirits, guard my love,
 In time of danger near him 'bide ;
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gentle heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
 Flom blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S O N G CCLXXIII.

Sung in the Serenata of Solomon. Set by Mr. Boyce.

ON his face the vernal rose,
 Blended with the lilly, glows ;
 His locks are as the raven black,
 In ringlets waving down his back.
 His eyes with milder beauties beam
 Than billing doves beside the stream ;
 His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.
 His lips are of the rose's hue,
 Still dropping with a fragrant dew ;
 Tall as the cedar he appears,
 And as erect his form he bears.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXIV.

Sung in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
The fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the day :
But ah ! what a scene must appear !
Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er ?
Shall the tabor no more strike the ear ?
Shall the dance on the green be no more ?
Must the flocks from their pastors be led ?
Must the herds go wild straying abroad ?
Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?
Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
And shall commerce grow sick of the tide ?
Must religion expire on the ground,
And shall Virtue sink down by her side ;

S O N G CCLXXV.

The SCHOOL of ANACREON. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met ; the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand :
My sons (began the sage) be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my school,
Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within ;
Old Care, be gone !—here sadness were a sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;
Wealth

Wealth and wisdom I despise,
 Cares surround the rich and wise :
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
 And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
 Me their friend and fav'rite own,
 And I was born for them alone.

Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,
 Give them to the fools I hate ;
 But let love, let life be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine !
 Speed the dancing hour away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say.

Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In love, in freedom, wit and joy :
 So shall love and life be mine ;
 Bring me women, bring me wine !
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say.

SONG CCLXXVI.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Miss BRENT, in the
 Parting Scene of The Beggars Opera.*

THE miser thus a shilling sees,
 Which he's oblig'd to pay ;
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,
 And fears it's gone for aye.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
 The bird in silence eyes ;
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Beggars Opera.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees play, flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
 But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring ;
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet ;
 There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

The SLY SHEPHERD. *A New Ballad.*

IN a sweet summer's eve, by the side of a stream,
 I listen'd while Damon told Chloe his dream ;
 But first to this purpose the shepherd reveal'd
 The deep wounds in his heart, which could not be
 conceal'd.

“ Tis now quite an age since first I made known,
 “ Oh ! fairest of maidens, that my heart was your
 “ own ;
 “ And tho' time must have prov'd how sincere was
 “ my mind,
 “ To such dictates of truth my dear Chloe is blind.
 “ To the world she distributes her blessings around,
 “ But the man she should bless she continues to
 “ wound :
 “ Oppress'd with these cares, last night in the grove,
 “ I dreamt that my life paid a forfeit to love.
 “ And despairing of ever obtaining relief,
 “ I'd recourse to this stream to finish my grief.”
 When, the better to shew her what pass'd in his sleep.
 The sly shepherd seem'd ready to plunge in the deep.
 “ O stop

" O stop (said the maiden) at length I'll prove kind,"
 And held him from doing what was ne'er in his mind :
 And before she detected the art of the swain,
 She said to him what she'd not unsay again.
 By this artful deceit the sly shepherd obtain'd
 What by humble entreaties he ne'er would have
 gain'd :
 From hence let the fair this short maxim believe,
 That if truth cannot win 'em, men will learn to de-
 ceive.

S O N G CCLXXIX.

Set by Mr. Boyce.

B ID me, when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my palled brow ;
 When from my head, a scanty store,
 Lanky the wither'd tresses flow ;
 When the warm tide, that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on and free,
 Languid and slow scarce creeps along ;
 Then bid me court Sobriety.
 Nature, who form'd the varied scene
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age shou'd reason—youth desire.
 Shall then that rebel, man, presume
 (Inverting nature's law) to seize
 The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?
 No !—let me waste the frolic May
 In wanton joys and wild excess,
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,
 And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
 Woman, the soul of all delights,
 And wine, the aid of love, be near :
 All charms me that to joy incites,
 And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXX.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in The Fairy Tale.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near the fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby.
 Neither harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come the fairy's pillow nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.
 Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence ye long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet, &c.

S O N G CCLXXXI.

A favourite DUET, and CHORUS, in the Oratorio of
Judas Macchabæus

SEE the conquering hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.
 See the godlike youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance ;
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

S O N G CCLXXXII.

D U E T T O,

In the Oratorio of Judas Macchabæus.

O Lovely peace! with plenty crown'd,
Come spread thy blessings all around;
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn:
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound,
But nature's songsters, wake the chearful morn.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Jovial Crew.

Set by Dr. Arne.

NO woman her envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her charms;
If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.
New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grow less;
Her poor little heart is still aching
At sight of another's success.
But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties shou'd move,
Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever shou'd reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.
Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

*A favourite S O N G, sung by Mrs. S C O T T, in
The Conscious Lovers. Set by Mr. Baildon.*

I F love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known :
But, oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame ;
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the charms !
How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield ;
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

S O N G CCLXXXV.

*A P A S T O R A L S O N G sung by Mr. HUDSON,
at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Battisbill.*

W H A T shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here ?
My flocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, if she's from the plains ?
Her hand they were want to obey ;
She rul'd both the sheep and the fwains:

Can

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill?
 There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

How oft' wou'd I spy out a charm,
 Which, before, had been hid from my view!
 And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips, how they grew!
 How long the sweet contest would last!
 Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No change of place, or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near;
 Alike was each weather, and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year:
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair, and the envy of art:
 There all, that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was dress'd;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear ?
 Why silent drops that cryſtal tear ?
 What jealous fears diſturb thy breaſt,
 Where love and peace delight to reſt ?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been ſeen
 With Molly ſporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchleſs force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true, a noſegay I had dreſſ
 To grace the witty Daphne's breaſt ;
 But 'twas at her deſire, to try
 If Damon caſt a jealous eye :
 Theſe flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, ſcatter'd o'er the lawn ;
 But in thy fragrant boſom lies
 A ſweet perfume that never dies.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

DAMON and PHILLIS. *A Dialogue.**Sung at Vauxhall.**Damon.*

OH ! Phillis, ſhame on you, to ſerve a ſwain ſo !
 You promis'd laſt Lammas, you very well know,
 If I'd ſtay but till Chriſtmas, our hands ſhould be
 join'd ;
 And 'tis Midſummer now, Phillis, why ſo unkind ?
 Why, why, Phillis, why ſo unkind ?

Phillis.

True, Damon, I promis'd—I own it—What then ?
 My mind has ſince alter'd—how faithleſs are men !
 You

You yow'd to be constant, and yet t'other day
 You swore that young Lucy was sweet as the May,
 Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the May,

Damon.

When Phillis grew coy, when she left me forlorn,
 And was singing to Colin beneath the green thorn ;
 Mad, jealous, and fretting, pray, who was to blame,
 If with Lucy I strove to make Phillis the same ?
 Strove, strove, to make Phillis the same.

Phillis.

Like the bee that goes roving to rifle the spring,
 You pip'd to each damsel, to me you would sing :
 I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought it sincere ;
 But why does Pastora so oft drop the tear ?
 Why, why, so oft drop the tear ?

Damon.

From my heart, let me tell thee, I proudly essay'd :
 To conquer each beautiful, insolent maid :
 The garlands they wreath'd at thy feet are resign'd :
 This, this, was my pride—then is Phillis unkind ?
 Then, then, then is Phillis unkind ?

Phillis.

How frail the disguise a fond lover would try !
 How weak the thin snare that the soul would belye !
 Hence, hence, with suspicion ! away from the grove,
 And prove at the church that truth waits upon love,
 Prove, prove, truth waits upon love.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

COLIN and PHILLIS, *a Pastoral Dialogue.*
Sung by Mr. BEARD and Miss HALLAM, in The
Arcadian Nuptials.

Colin.

HARK ! hark ! o'er the plains what glad tu-
 mults we hear !
 How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear !
 With

With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
 And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs.
 I can't, for my life, what it means understand ;
 There's some rural festival surely at hánd ;
 Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take place ;
[Phillis enters.]
 But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

Phillis.

The truth, honest lad !—why surely you know
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
 Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
 Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord ;
 That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please ;
 That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er ;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

Colin.

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend,
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts ;
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

Phillis.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng !
 Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along ;
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires
 With tender affections, and cheerful desires.

Duetto.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and bride,
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour, may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line :
 Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 Oh ! may they live easy as those in a cot !

S O N G CCLXXXIX.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

YOUNG Strephon, a shepherd, the pride of
the plain,

Each day is attempting my kindness to gain :
He takes all occasions his flame to renew ;
I always reply, that his courting won't do .

He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind :
I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go ;
He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth,
I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth ;
That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow,
And my heart is another's,—so beg he will go :

That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,
And the heart that is honest can never be sold ;
That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on show ;
And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,
If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies :
He gives me his hand, and would force me to go ;
I pity his suff'ring, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him in hopes of sweet peace ;
He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes :
But to-morrow, ye fair-ones, with Thyrsis I go ;
And trust me, at church, that I will not say No.

S O N G CCXC.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill ;
Fresh health blooms, her strong rosy hue o'er his face,
And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace :

Beslour'd

Beflour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a king ;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid :
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year :
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote :
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat :
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what they
 will,

They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase, 7
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace :
 Tho' Old England, he knows, may have strength,
 and have skill,

To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
 Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay :
 His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free :
 With his hand and his heart to king George does he
 fill :

May all loyal souls act the man of the mill !

S O N G CCXCI.

Set by Mr. Dibden.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 While soaring sky-larks shook the air
 In warbling o'er her head ;
 In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd ;
 (Love's impulse all must feel)
 She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

" While thus I work with rock and reel,
 " So life by time is spun ;
 " And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
 " The world turns up and down :
 " Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 " While I no changes feel,
 " But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 " And turn my spinning-wheel.

" From me let men and women too
 " This home-spun lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other people do,
 " But eat the bread they earn :
 " If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a meal,
 " Some ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the spinning-wheel,

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain :
 " Come, cries the dame, " Nance, here's thy
 spouse ;
 " Away throw rock and reel :"
 Blythe Nancy with the bonny news
 O'er-set her spinning-wheel.

S O N G

SONG CCXCH.

AMORET and PHILLIS.

*Sung by Mr. DEARLE, and Mrs. FORBES, at Finche's
Grotto Gardens.*

Amoret.

SWEET Phillis, well met,
The sun is just set,
To yon myrtle grove let's repair;
All nature's at rest,
And none to molest;
I've something to say to my fair.

Phillis.

No, no, subtle swain,
Entreaties are vain,
Persuade me to go, you ne'er shall;
Night draws on apace,
I must quit the place,
The dew is beginning to fall.

Amoret.

Believe me, coy maid,
By honour I'm sway'd,
No fears need your bosom alarm:
The Oak and the Pine,
Their leaves kindly join,
'To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

Phillis.

Your arts I despise,
My virtue I prize,
Tho' poor, I am richer than those
Who lost to all shame,
Will barter their fame,
For purchase of gold and fine cloaths.

Amoret.

You do me much wrong,
 Such thoughts ne'er belong,
 To the noble and gen'rous breast :
 I meant but to know,
 If Phillis wou'd go,
 And let Hymen make Amoret blest.

Phillis.

If what you now say,
 Your heart don't betray,
 It gives me much pleasure to find
 My Amoret still,
 A stranger to ill,
 And for wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

S O N G CCXCIII.

W H E N first I saw my Delia's face,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry bloom and grace
 That love and youth could bring :
 Such sweetness too, in all her form,
 I thought her once celestial born,
 And took her for the Spring.

Each day a charm was added more,
 Music and language swell'd the store,
 With all the force of reason ;
 And yet so frolic, and so gay,
 Deck'd with the op'ning sweets of May,
 She look'd the Summer season.

Admiring crowds around her press ;
 But none the happy He could guess,
 Unwish'd, her beauties caught 'em :
 I urg'd my passion in her ear ;
 Of love, she said, she cou'd not hear ;
 And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The

The rose not gather'd in its prime,
 Will fade and fall in little time;
 So I began to hint t'her :
 Her cheeks confess'd a summer's glow,
 But ah ! her breast of driven snow,
 Conceals a heart of Winter.

SONG CCXC.V.

The VIRTUOUS SURRENDER.

Sung at Marybone Gardens.

WHEN e'er the charms of soft desire
 Enslave the female mind ;
 If flatter'ing hope but fans the fire,
 The heart is then resign'd :
 But if sad doubt, or conscious fear,
 Each am'rous wish controul,
 The bosom feels the pang severe,
 And sorrow melts the soul.
 Oh, Strephon ! pity then my sex,
 And gen'rous means pursue ;
 Let jealousy no longer vex
 This heart that beats for you :
 I own my weakness ; take my hand,
 Devoid of guile or art ;
 But let no rival nymph command
 The tribute of your heart.

SONG CCXCV.

The WHIM. *Sung at Marybone Gardens.*

WHEN first I Sephalissa saw,
 The fairest of the fair,
 My heart was struck with sudden awe ;
 Love's dart was center'd there :

An am'rous warmth glow'd through my veins,
I seem'd as lovers seem ;

And told the nymph my tender pains,
But she wou'd have her—Whim :

And so, indeed, I might have thought ;
'Tis nat'ral to the sex ;

At once, by art and nature taught,
To charm us, and perplex :

This glads the true ; and checks the rude ;
'Tis Cupid's artful scheme ;

The native-shy, coquette, and prude,
Alike will have their—Whim.



The sun beam'd forth his fiercer ray ;
I wander'd through the glade ;

There Sephalissa chanc'd to stray ;
The cautious blooming maid ;

I sigh'd, and press'd her lilly hand,
In passion's fond extreme ;

Begone, she cry'd, I understand
Now, roving swain, your—Whim.

Oh, hush my dearest dear ! says I,
This bosom virtue rules ;

Let's haste and join the nuptial tie,
And leave false joys to fools :

She blush'd ; but love so pow'ful grew,
She wak'd from caution's dream ;

So to the altar we withdrew,
Then I'd, like her, my—Whim.

SONG CCXCVI.

To DELIA. *Set by Mr. Arne.*

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blissful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells.

That

That way I daily drive my flock ;
 Ah ! happy, happy vale !
 There look and wish ; and while I look,
 My sighs increase the gale,
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray
 Beneath inclement skies,
 And then my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes .
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite faint,
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah ! why should ye those blessings share,
 For which I sigh in vain ?
 But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my grief impart :
 She's not your tenant ;—she is mine ;
 Her mansion is my heart,
 Her mansion is my heart.

S O N G CCXCVII.

B A C C H U S.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR, at Marybone Gardens.

BACCHUS, god of joys divine,
 Be thy pleasures ever mine;
 Smile on this thy votaries prayer,
 All besides not worth my care.

All our grief brisk wine dispels,
 Drinking ev'ry trouble quells ;
 Drinking ev'ry trouble quells,
 All our grief brisk wine dispels ;

Drinking ev'ry trouble quells,
 All our grief brisk wine dispels,
 Drinking ev'ry trouble quells.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
 From the clust'ring vine is fill'd ;
 'Then, indeed, I'm truly blest,
 And ev'ry anxious thought's at rest ;
 While its potent juice I quaff,
 Still I sing, and dance, and laugh.
 Wou'd you be for ever gay ?
 Mortals learn of me the way ;
 'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
 Will alone sufficient prove :
 If you'd raise and charm the soul,
 Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

S O N G CCXCVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid
 The eyes of love cou'd see ;
 And but one fault the charmer had,
 'Twas cruelty to me,
 'Twas cruelty to me.
 No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd
 Was fonder, or was younger ;
 Yet, when her pity I implor'd,
 'Twas, Stay a little longer,
 'Twas, &c.
 It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,
 One May morn, in the grove ;
 When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 Now, now's the time for love,
 Now, &c.

I clasp'd

I clasp'd the maid ; it wak'd her pride :

What ! did I mean to wrong her !

Not so, my gentle dear I cry'd ;

But love will stay no longer,

But love, &c.

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore

How much I lov'd, how well ;

And that my heart, which beat for her,

With her shall ever dwell,

With her, &c.

Consent stood speaking in the eye

Of all my care's prolonger :

Yet Daphne utter'd with a sigh,

Oh ! stay a little longer,

Oh ! stay, &c.

The conflict in her soul I saw

'Twixt virtue and desire :

Oh ! come, I cry'd, let Hymen's law

Give sanction to love's fire,

Give sanction, &c.

Ye lovers, guess how great my joy !

Cou'd rapture well prove stronger ?

When Virtue spoke, in Daphne's voice,

You now—shall stay no longer,

You now—shall stay no longer.

S O N G CCXCIX.

H O N O U R.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone Gardens.

Set by Mr. Boyce.

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
And screen'd the passion long ;

A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,

But awe suppress'd my tongue :

At length I told the dearest maid,

My heart was fix'd upon her ;

But

But think not I can love, said she,
Not I, upon my Honour.

The heart that once is roving aught,
The nymphs of sense distrust;
And must it for a youthful fault
Be ever deem'd unjust?
So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,
And bad me still to shun her;
Your suit, she cry'd, won't here succeed,
It won't, upon my Honour.

Oh, Nymph, I cry'd, whose eyes to meet,
My soul with joy o'erflows;
The bee that roves from sweet to sweet,
Like me, prefers the rose:
Had e'er a maid like Celia prov'd,
I wou'd not have undone her;
On thee, dear fair! my best-belov'd,
I doat, upon my Honour.

A-while the nymph my suit repress,
My constancy to prove;
Then, with a blush, consent express,
And blest me with her love:
To church I led the blushing fair,
Enraptur'd that I'd won her;
And now life's sweetest joys we share,
Within the bounds of Honour.

S O N G CCC.

Sung at Ranelagh Gardens. Set by Mr. Berg.

DEAR Betty fair, whose constant care
The cleanly dairy claim'd;
By secret art, my youthful heart
With amorous warmth inflam'd,

But

But, oh! her pride my suit deny'd,
 And scorn'd my soft affliction ;
 In vain I strove to win her love,
 For she was *contradiction*.

Tho' dull or fine, each morn her time,
 I sought for round the mead ;
 Her poultry too, I gave their due,
 And did her pigeons feed ;
 Stray'd all day some tender way,
 My love knew no restriction ;
 Yet vain my care to please the fair,
 For she was *contradiction*.

The purblind boy, whose sole employ
 Is gentle hearts to pain ;
 Now touch'd mine ear, " fond youth forbear,
 " Nor court in such a strain :"
 Be bold of tongue, and glibly hung,
 Yet not with truth but fiction ;
 Tho' now she slight, you'll then delight,
 And pleas'd by *contradiction*.
 All in a trice this kind advice
 From Cupid I pursued,
 And told the fair her haughty air,
 My passion had subdued :
 This sudden change, she vow'd was strange,
 And sigh'd with self-conviction ;
 From church to bed, the maid I led,
 And charm'd my *contradiction*.

S O N G C C C I.

The S W E E T H E A R T.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

AS t'other day, I penfive sat,
 My needle to improve,
 I at our door heard pit a pat,
 Yet little dreamt of love ;

'Twas

'Twas Damon to our cottage came,
 His passion to impart ;
 And I unknowing of the same,
 Cry'd pray come in Sweetheart.

It was a term I got by chance,
 It makes some maidens rue ;
 But if the youths so bold advance
 What, can us virgins do ?
 Hey dey ! I cry'd, what work is this !
 So fell upon him fast ;
 I hope, says he, there's nought amiss,
 For you are my Sweetheart.

To court one so, says I is wrong,
 Well let's to church says he ;
 I vex'd at this, cry'd get along,
 I'll bear you company :
 So soon I turn'd ill temper round,
 For Damon has desert ;
 And now when pit to pat he is found,
 I cry come in Sweetheart.

SONG CCCII.

KITTY CONNELLY.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

OF all the fair that grace the town,
 And frisk and flaunt it up and down ;
 Bedeck'd in taste, with dress, and show,
 To wound the cit and kill the beau ;
 There's no one so sure the mark to secure,
 Nor with beauty and sprightliness allure,
 At least it seems not so to me,
 Like charming *Kitty Connelly*.

When first I gaz'd on Kitty's face,
 I star'd like Cymon at each grace ;

Love's

Love's light'nings darted from her eyes,
 My heart was taken by surprize;
 My nerves grew weak, my tongue could not speak,
 I long'd for a kiss, from the bloom of her cheek;
 Amaz'd so many charms could be
 Center'd in *Kitty Connelly*.

Of beauty much I've seen and heard,
 And many a nymph in song prefer'd;
 But, as the sun dispels the night,
 Their graces now are vanish'd quite;
 Tho' each one can boast she conquers most,
 Yet henceforth shall Kitty be the toast;
 So all fill your glasses instantly,
 And toast fair *Kitty Connelly*.

S O N G CCCIII.

H O D G E and D O L L Y.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

AS Dolly fat milking her cow,
 Young Roger came tripping that way;
 He left both his cart and his plough,
 For beauty e'en clowns must obey;
 With rapture, he leapt o'er the stile,
 And swore that no nymph was so pretty;
 Come kiss me, he said, with a smile,
 But indeed cry'd the maid, I won't let ye.

Indeed, reply'd Hodge, this is strange,
 What harm lies in kissing I pray?
 Round the world if your thoughts you'll but range,
 Why you'd find that its done ev'ry day;
 The monarch who sits on his throne,
 Sure kisses his queen very pretty;
 Lord bless 'em I saw, but I own,
 I'm amaz'd that you cry, I wont let ye.

The

The cow, who began to conceive
 That Dolly neglected her call,
 'Twas Cupid's device, I believe,
 Kick'd the milk down, the pail down and all.
 If these be thy pranks Roger cry'd,
 I'll return to my dairy maid Betty;
 Rot the Cow in a rage Doll reply'd,
 Pshaw, stay here, prithee Hodge, I won't let ye.
 What a pother says he you've begun,
 If you'll have me, why say so at once;
 There's the church, girl, I'm not making fun,
 Doll I'm neither a blockhead or dunce.
 Now Dolly began to be glad,
 Quoth she, I no longer will fret ye;
 And soon her tone alter'd 'tis said,
 To now my dear Roger, I'll let ye.

S O N G CCCIV. .
 W O M A N.

Sung and Set by Mr. Taylor, at Marybone Gardens.

SOME love to range, so fond of change,
 Variety's their shrine;
 Each has his scheme, and fav'rite whim,
 But woman, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial soul,
 The miser's I decline;
 They're childish toys, which some deem joys,
 But, oh, be woman mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts,
 And makes this life divine;
 For all the tricks of all the sex,
 I'd still have woman mine.

Let

Let others rave who what they'd have
 The sex be can't define ;
 Just as she is, she is form'd to please,
 And long be woman mine.

The speaking eye, the tender sigh
 When heart and heart conjoin ;
 The bliss of love all bliss above,
 Makes charming woman mine.

For pomp and state contend ye great,
 I'll cry not nor repine ;
 If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
 To keep dear woman mine.

S O N G CCCV.

The O R A N G E W O M A N.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

A Hearty buxom girl am I,
 I come from Dublin city ;
 I love the men I can't deny,
 Tho' some say more's the pity :
 Well let 'em say so once again,
 I've got no cause to mind 'em ;
 I'll always fancy pretty men,
 Where-ever I can find 'em.

I'll never marry, no indeed,
 For marriage causes trouble ;
 And after all the priest has said,
 'Tis merely hubble bubble :
 The rakes will still be counted rakes,
 Not Hymen's laws can bind 'em ;
 And so, preventing all mistakes,
 I'll kiss 'em where I find 'em.

The

The game of wedlock's all a chance,
 Cry over or cry under ;
 Yet many folks to church will prance
 At which I often wonder :
 Some fancy this, some fancy that,
 All hope the joy design'd 'em ;
 I'll have my whim, that's tit for tat,
 Where-ever I can find 'em.
 But what a silly jade am I
 Thus idly to be singing ?
 There's no one here my fruit to buy ;
 Nor any to be flinging ;
 In pretty men all pleasure dwells,
 Blest hearts when love has twin'd 'em ;
 So now I'll wheel to Sadler's-Wells,
 And there I'm sure to find 'em.

S O N G CCCVI.

The S P A N.

Sung by Mr. DEARLE, at FINCHE's Grotto Gardens.

The Words by Mr. OAKHAM, set by Mr. BRIDE.

THE Philosophers, Moralists, Poets, and those,
 Who have left their opinions, in verse, and in
 prose ;

Fine lessons have taught, tho' not all understood,
 Yet entirely meant I dare say for our good :
 The chieftest of which we may readily scan,
 That our time here below is no more than a Span,
 Our time here below is no more than a Span.

The assertion is just if with reason we view,
 Mortality constantly shews us 'tis true ;
 Then to fill up this trifle of being below,
 Is a doctrine I think which we all ought to know ;
 For a moment attend to my song if you can,
 And I'll teach the best method to fill up the Span.
Leave

Leave the parson to preach, and the pedant to prate,
 The poet to scribble, the statesman to fate,
 The bully to bluster, the valiant to fight,
 The lawyer to wrangle of wrong, and of right;
 Their bus'ness is not in the course of my plan,
 With matter more pleasing I'll fill up the Span.

Mirth, beauty, and wine, shall prepare ye a feast,
 And smiling Good-humour bid welcome each guest,
 'Tis a banquet suits only the jovial and gay,
 Let the grave, the morose, and the dull keep away;
 Insipid by nature they'll like not the plan,
 So just as they chuse, let them fill up their Span.

To a coach deck'd for pleasure let beauty be led,
 With roses and lillies all careless o'er spread;
 Let the soft breathing flute to her murmurings join,
 When love melts on her bosom in raptures divine;
 That this is true pleasure deny it who can,
 And this is the method to fill up the Span.

Let good humour as president sit in the chair,
 And ruddy fac'd Bacchus with Momus appear;
 Let the full flowing goblet go chearfully round,
 And the heart lifting song to the heavens resound;
 Let all in full chorus approve of the plan,
 And own this the method to fill up the Span.

SONG CCCVII.

The YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

As now Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And Summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow hair'd Laddie wou'd often times go,
 To wilds and deep gleens where the hawthorn trees
 grow,
 To wilds and deep gleens where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his love's evening and morn,
 With freedom he sung his love's evening and morn;
 There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his love's evening and morn;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Silvans and Fairies, unseen danc'd around;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Silvans and Fairies, unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Madie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
 But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath like the breeze gives perfume to the spring.
 There's Jenny in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon is inconstant and never speaks truth;
 But Susie is faithful good humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

My lady's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
 Is awkwardly airy and frequently sour;
 But Susie who knows not of riches or scorn,
 Appears like the blushes that paint the new morn.
 Hark! friends how delighted how blest'd should I be,
 Wa'd my Susie but smile and her parents agree;
 What more could I wish for my Susie's the whole,
 The joy of my eyes and the pride of my soul.

S O N G CCCVIII.

P H I L L I S.

Sung by Mr. DEARLE, at Finche's Grotto Gardens.

Set by Mr. Bride.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
 Went forth to the meadows a maying;
 A clown lay asleep, by a river so deep,
 That round in meanders was straying;
 A clown lay asleep, by a river so deep,
 That round in meanders was straying.

His

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
 Her heart it was gone without warning ;
 With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with dew,
 Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
 Her wishes too warm for disguising ;
 She play'd with his eyes, 'till he wak'd in surprise,
 And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

She sung him a song, as he leant on his prong,
 And rested her arm on his shoulder,
 She pressed his coy cheek, to her bosom so sleek,
 And taught his two arms to enfold her.

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
 And call'd her his dear, and his blessing ;
 Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd, and play'd,
 And what they did more there's no guessing.

SONG CCCIX.

The BEE, a Favourite Song.

Sung by Mr. RAWORTH, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Collett.

A Busy humble bee am I,
 That range the garden sunny ;
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
 And ev'ry flower's my honey :
 Bright Chloe with her golden hair,
 A while my rich jonquil is ;
 Till cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
 I shift to rosy Phillis ;
 I shift, I shift to rosy Phillis ;
 Phillis, I shift to rosy Phillis.
 But Phillis's sweet opening breast,
 Remains not long my station ;
 For Kitty must be now address'd,
 My spicy breath'd carnation :

Yet

Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
 To other flow'rs I'm rover,
 And all in turns my love receives,
 The gay wide garden over.
 The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bounds,
 My roving fancy edges;
 And oft' with Flora I am found,
 In dalliance under hedges :
 For as I am arrant bee,
 Who range each bank that's sunny ;
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,
 And ev'ry flow'rs my honey.
 And ev'ry, &c.

S O N G CCCX.
 The MILK MAID.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

COMING home with my milk, the young squire
 I met,

Says he, Polly, love set down your pails ;
 I have long been a kifs or two child in your debt,
 If I pay you, you must not tell tales.
 If I pay you, you must not tell tales.

To oblige him, and cause that I woud'nt be cross,
 I presently quitted my pails ;
 He pull'd me down gently on bed of green moss,
 And kist me, I shouldn't tell tales.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down,
 I begg'd to go home with my pails ;
 He vow'd to such pitch his fond passion was grown,
 He'd wed, but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,
 That I little more thought of my pails ;
 Till beyond all escaping, I found him possess
 Of my heart, but I should not tell tales.

He

He solemnly swore, that he'd make me his wife,
 And ease me the carriage of pails ;
 If he dont, why as sure as a muscle has life,
 If silent, there's one will tell tales.

S O N G CCCXI.

H O B B I N O L. *Set by Mr. Lockhart.*

Sung by Mr. KEENE, at Sadler's-Wells.

WHEN Hobbino!, entreated Doll,
 Within the grove to enter ;

She hung her head, and blushing said,
 She was afraid to venture :

For there poor Fan, put faith in man,
 And sorely does repent her ;

Which makes her fear, no good is near,
 And therefore will not venture.

Which makes her fear, no good is near,
 And therefore will not venture.

His fond request, he eager prest,
 And swore no harm he meant her ;

By honour sway'd, be not afraid,
 But kindly with me venture :

On wedlock bent, was all he meant,
 Would that he said content her ;

To prove me true, yon steeple view,
 Say will my Dolly venture.

Doubts still possess, the damsel's breast,
 Till virtue, council lent her,

Haste, haste he cried, be made a bride,
 And after you may venture :

Doll gave consent, to church they went,
 A wife back Hymen sent her ;

No more a maid, she's not afraid,
 With him alone to venture.

S O N G CCCXII.

The B I R D.

Sung by Mr. RAWORTH, at Marybone Gardens.

T H E bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food ;

Returns impatient thro' the sky,

To nurse the callow brood :

The tender mother knows no joy,

But bodes a thousand harms ;

And sickens for the darling boy,

While absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,

My faithful bosom fires,

Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,

The queen of my desires ;

The powers of verse too languid, prove

All smiles are vain,

To shew how ardently I love,

Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,

For heaven and joys divine ;

The faint is not with rapture fir'd,

More pure, more warm, than mine :

I take what liberty I dare,

'Twere impious to say more ;

Convey my longings to the fair,

The goddess I adore.

S O N G CCCXIII.

The C H A R M S of the B O T T L E.

*Sung by Mr. DEARLE, at Finche's Gardens.**The Words by Mr. Durfey.*

Y E mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,
 Whose life is a series of pain without end,
For

For ever depriv'd of hope's all cheering ray,
 Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day ;
 Obey then the summons the bottle invites,
 Drink deep and I'll warrant it sets you to rights ;
 Obey then the summons the bottle invites,
 Drink deep and I'll warrant it sets you to rights.
 Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
 Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
 Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
 Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape shot.

Obey then the summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical text-spinning vicar,
 To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor ;
 O how would he wish for that power divine,
 To change when he would simple water to wine !

Obey then the summons, &c.

If wine then can miracles work such as these,
 And give to the troubled mind comfort and ease ;
 Despair not that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.

Obey then the summons, &c.

S O N G CCCXIV.

The FAIR CONVERT.

Sung by Miss DAVIS, at Marybone Gardens.

WHEN Colin first met me upon the gay green,
 He kiss'd me, and call'd me his heart's little
 queen ;

Such rudeness, I cry'd, I your title disdain,
 And pray never offer to kiss me again.

He, who little skill in the sex had acquir'd,
 Believ'd, simple youth, I spoke what I desir'd ;
 He told me how hard an injunction I'd laid ;
 I knew it was hard,——that he took what I said.

L

My

My fancy now whisper'd more kindness to show,
 One kiss had instructed my bosom to glow ;
 My heart thus the shepherd ensnar'd by a whim,
 I thought he lov'd me ;——I was sure I lov'd him,
 He'd let his flocks rove for my sake all the day,
 And say such soft things as all soft lovers say ;
 But as I'd forbid him my lips were forgot,
 Cou'd this be call'd courtship ?——I really think not.
 At length by good luck, he took courage and cry'd,
 Will Chloe consent to be Colin's sweet bride ;
 I flew in a passion, but cool'd by degrees,
 Yet made him no answer——but yes if you please.
 And since I'm a wife, I'm no longer a prude ;
 The station has sooth'd me to what I thought rude ;
 For now when a kiss I receive from my swain,
 As duty commands me,——I kiss him again.

S O N G C C C X V .
 H A P P I N E S S A T L A S T .

Sung at Marybone Gardens.

A D A G I O .

L O V E ! thou bane of soft content,
 Love ! thou inauspicious guest,
 Say, oh ! why thy shaft was sent ;
 Sent to this late peaceful breast ?
 Sweet at first I thought the passion,
 Fancy still new joys could see ;
 Now how sad an alteration,
 Damon flies from love and me !

A L L E G R O .

Thus Sylvia, in the conscious grove,
 All sweetly plaintive mourn'd ;
 When Damon chanc'd that way to rove,
 And to the nymph return'd ;

He

He sigh'd repentance at her feet,
 She smil'd upon the swain ;
 And each fond heart responsive beat,
 To love and joy again.

S O N G CCCXVI.

RESOLUTION and LOVE. A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone Gardens.

RECITATIVE.

THE month was May ;—the birds began to sing,
 The valleys laugh, and Flora's bounties spring ;
 Up rose the sun, like jocund bridegroom gay,
 All nature smil'd to greet the new-born day ;
 When Damon drove his fleecy cares along,
 Peace warm'd his heart ; content inspir'd his song.

AIR.

Whence the cares of busy life,
 Gloomy thought, and inward strife ?
 Some at wild ambition aim,
 Others pant for wealth and fame ;
 Or for beauty rave and sigh,
 Let 'em do so,——what care I ?

RECITATIVE.

Cupid, whose pow'rs triumphant o'er the mind,
 Who ne'er was deaf, tho' poets paint him blind,
 Attentive heard the stoic shepherd's strain,
 Resolv'd to show philosophy was vain :
 Just had he spoke when Delia struck his sight,
 Delia like Pallas wise ; as Venus bright :
 He gaz'd ; he paus'd ; astonish'd at her charms,
 And thus confess'd the force of love's alarms.

AIR.

Shall the heart that has vow'd to be free
 Be entangled by beauty at last ?
 Ah ! we never the future can see,
 We know only the present and past ;
 Ye gay shepherds revile not my strain ;
 For I'll conquer the flame if I can ;
 Quick, as sudden as light'ning it came,
 And, alas, I'm no more than a man !

RECITATIVE.

His strain was pious, pensive, solemn, slow ;
 He sooth'd himself ; and sigh'd, it must be so.

AIR.

Then he pluck'd up his courage, and spake to his
 heart,
 To keep it divested of sorrow ;
 " Ne'er doubt simple thing but we'll manage our
 part,
 " If we can——we'll be married——to-morrow."

SONG CCCXVII.

The SYCAMORE SHADE.

A BALLAD.

Sung by Miss BRENT. Set by Dr. Arne.

TO^THER day as I sat in the sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along :
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
 Silly heart, I cry'd fie ! What a flutter is here !
 Young Damon despises you no ill ;
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded——No more !
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score.
 My lambkins I've kiss'd and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill ;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.
 When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair ;
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will ;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die e're I bid it lie still.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

The I N V I T A T I O N .

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSSEL. Set by Mr. Bach.

C O M E Colin pride of rural swains,
 O come and bless thy native plains ;
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.
 Come Colin, haste, O haste away,
 Your smiles will make the village gay ;
 When you return, the vernal breeze,
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.
 Oh ! come and see the violets spring,
 The meadows laugh, the linnets sing ;
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
 O haste ! and make us happy here.

S O N G CCCXIX.

The SHEPHERD's ARTIFICE.

A B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Potter.

SURE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me,
 From morning till night I could never be free ;
 The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head,
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever I saw her, and told her my case,
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face ;
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love,
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move ;
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,
 And boldly resolv'd, or to conquer, or die.

'Twas spread round the village, I courted young Prue,
 And Phillis had left her own schemes to pursue ;
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more kind,
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.

I catch'd the occasion and sent for a priest,
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best ;
 From hence learn ye virgins, be blest if you can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

S O N G CCCXX.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSEL. Set by Mr. Barthelemon.

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
 Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
 Nor can change my constant heart.

Young

Young Philander's gen'rous passion,
Taught me first soft inclination,
Never shall your sly persuasion,
Make me act a treach'rous part.
Gentle Damon, &c.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining,
Such perfidious arts disdaining,
Let bright honour once more reigning,
To your soul its rays impart.
Gentle Damon, &c.

S O N G CCCXXI.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSEL. Set by Mr. Potter.

WHY Colin, must your Laura mourn,
Or longer wait your wish'd return?
O quickly come, and bring with thee,
Glad joy to all, but love for me.
No more the tenants of the grove,
In concert tune their tales of love;
And nature ceases to be gay,
Whene'er my shepherd keeps away.
No longer fly the peaceful shade,
But haste to meet your constant maid;
O quickly come and bring with thee,
Glad joy to all, but love for me.

S O N G CCCXXII.

The PETITION ANSWERED.
A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Yates.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway;
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray;
L 4 Beneath,

(224)

Beneath the thicket of a shady grove,
Cleonicus, petitioned thus to Jove.

AIR,

Where Jove shall I a fair one find,
With ev'ry beauty grac'd,
'To please a fond desiring mind,
And suit an am'rous taste?

RECITATIVE.

Indulgent Jove, the swain's petition heard!
And thus in strains harmonious answer made.

AIR.

If you would with beauty meet,
Love desiring, sparkling wit;
'To Britain's happy isle remove,
The seat of beauty and of love.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSEL. Set by Mr. Bach.

A H! why should love with tyrant sway,
Oppress each youthful heart?
Must all his rigid laws obey,
And feel his pointed dart?

On reason's aid in vain we call,
To break the slavish chain;
The potent God disdains it all,
And triumphs in our pain.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXIV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Arnold.

E R E Phœbus shall peep on the fresh budding
flow'r,

Or blue-bells are rob'd of their dew ;
Sleep on my Maria while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jes'mine each other shall greet,
And mingle to copy thy hue ;
The lilly to match with thy bosom so sweet,
How faint its resemblance of you.

With sweets of thy breath, the hedge vi'let shall vie,
But weakly, and pay it its due ;
The thorn shall be rob'd of the fleece for thine eye,
Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the Sensitive Plant must declare,
The truth of my well-belov'd she ;
Whose hands if to touch it, bold shepherds shou'd
dare,
Would shrink from all others but me.

S O N G CCCXXV.

S U M M E R.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSEL. Set by Mr. Potter.

N O W gay Summer's ripen'd bloom,
Frolicks where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon the banks of Broom,
We command the prospect round.

Nature in the prospect yields,
Humble dales, and mountains bold ;
Meadows, woodlands, heaths and fields,
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Linnets on the crouded sprays
 Chorus——And the woodlarks rise,
 Soaring with a song of praise,
 Till their warblings reach the skies:
 Painted gardens, grotts and groves,
 Intermingling shade with light:
 Lengthened vistas, green alcoves,
 Join to give the soul delight.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.

CRUEL Strephon will you leave me?
 Will you prove yourself forsworn?
 Can ah! can you thus deceive me!
 Can you treat my love with scorn?
 Cruel Strephon, &c.

O behold your Chloe pleading,
 Turn and see your once-lov'd maid;
 Let soft pity interceding,
 Ease a heart your vows betray'd.
 Cruel Strephon, &c.

Must I hopeless pine and languish,
 Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain:
 See he triumphs in my anguish,
 See he glories in my pain!
 Cruel Strephon, &c.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

YE fair be advis'd by a friend,
 Whose counsel proceeds from the heart,
 On beauty no longer depend,
 Or fly to the efforts of art:

If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
 Let virtue each action approve,
 Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
 And softens the soul into love.

To-day be not nice as a bride,
 To-morrow untimely severe;
 Let prudence and truth be your guide,
 Nor caprice or folly appear:

Unless you thus govern your mind,
 And banish deceit from your breast,
 Too soon by experience you'll find,
 Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected you'll wither and fade,
 Till beauty, by age shall decay;
 Then lonely retreat to the shade,
 And mourn the sad hours away:

How desp'rate will then be your fate,
 How great your sad loss to deplore;
 Repentance alas! is too late,
 When the power to charm is no more.

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Potter.

L A S T week in the grove,
 I met with my love,
 Who hastily bid me be gone;
 I ask'd for a kiss,
 She took it amiss,
 Her answer was, "let me alone."

Eye, eye Phillis eye,
 What makes you so shy?
 I answer'd in passionate tone;

But

But still she reply'd,
 " You must be deny'd,
 " So leave me and let me alone."
 " I know that you men,
 " Are false nine in ten,
 " I never reflected till now ;
 " No longer pursue,
 " But cease to subdue,
 " You shall not deceive me I vow."

I told her for life,
 I'd make her my wife,
 And swear to be true o'er and o'er ;
 That I'd virtue and youth,
 Love, honour and truth,
 And what could she wish to have more.
 If that's your intent,
 " I give my consent,"
 She cry'd, " to the priest let's be gone."
 I led her away,
 She's happy and gay,
 Nor longer cries, let me alone.

S O N G CCCXXIX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Arnold.

BY the sky-lark awak'd to the sweets of the morn,
 From the bud of the rose to the blossoming thorn,
 Thro' the copses, the meadows, the vallies I stray,
 And all nature looks warmly to welcome the May.

All, all except Jane, the fair plague of my heart,
 Insensible she ! both to nature and art ;
 In vain chaunt the warblers of ev'ry green spray,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.

In vain of the softer ideas I preach,
 In vain would I lessons of harmony teach ;
 She heeds nor thrush, linnnet, or nightingale's lay,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.

In

In vain do the shepherds, and milk-maids advance,
 In vain is the song, the pipe, tabor and dance :
 In vain are the fields all enamell'd and gay,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.
 What pity a gem of such lustre should be,
 Encrusted by pride, to so vile a degree ;
 O love ! let her feel what I suffer one day,
 Ere she finds it too late for to welcome the May.

SONG CCCXXX.

LOVE and WINE. A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Potter.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

BE GONE dull care ! without delay,
 To gloomy desarts, haste away.

AIR.

Hither haste ye sons of pleasure,
 Joy here knows nor bound nor measure ;
 Banish care, and drouzy thinking,
 Now's the reign of love and drinking :
 Care and sorrow's toil and trouble,
 And the world's an empty bubble.

RECITATIVE.

While thus the jolly God invites,
 The neighb'ring swains to his delights :
 Cupid, receives the gath'ring throng,
 And as they nimble haste along,
 Bacchus, again resumes his song.

AIR.

'Tis wine and women life employ,
 Wine and women are our joy ;
 We're hither sent to drink and love,
 These are the blessings from above.

SONG

S O N G CCCXXXI.

The F A I R Y.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Yates.

IN days of yore, when on the plain,
 Queen Mab, with all her fairy train,
 In sportive gambols took delight,
 By Cynthia's borrow'd silver light,
 If e'er our grandames did amiss,
 The punishment, ye fair, was this.

Was Lady Mary ever known,
 To toy with Celadon alone ;
 Did avarice her bosom fill,
 With passion strong for dear quadrille ;
 Or did her heart for dancing beat,
 Then blister'd were her hands and feet.

If once too small her ruff she wore,
 Her petticoat too short before ;
 Or if to catch the gazer's sight,
 She us'd the arts, of red and white ;
 The little spiteful pigmy crew,
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy days we fix,
 The British dames of Sixty-six,
 Are not afraid of rigid elves,
 They know no guardians but themselves ;
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,
 Hear me, nor think the lesson rude.

Since present times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one is pleasure mad ;
 This method I should think the best ;
 To keep a fairy in your breast,
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,
 But when you chance to go too far.

S O N G CCCXXXII.

B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Potter.

L E T misers hug their darling store,
 And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,
 I'm richer with a shilling;
 It brings me out to chearful air,
 To meet my lovely cruel fair,
 Oh ! that she was but willing.

To make her such I point to groves,
 And bid her mark the heart-sick doves,
 How sweetly they are billing;
 But all in vain (as yet) my art,
 For oh ! I feel across my heart,
 Love's god his poison spilling.

The streams which flow like my sad eye,
 Will leave at last their channels dry,
 Unless the springs are filling;
 And softest rain, on hardest stone,
 Will wear (tho' drops fall one by one,)
 A hole by constant *drilling*.

But O ! my springs will ne'er again
 Replenish, but with fresher pain,
 Her frowns are still so killing;
 Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
 Tho' constant drops bedew my verse,
 From eyes, like limbeck's stilling,

I sung the song, it pleas'd her too,
 How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,
 While neighbour's grist was milling;
 But all was vain, if you must know,
 So I resolv'd to let her go,
 Because she was not willing.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Potter.

LIKE a wood-nymph in form, and Diana in mind,
 To rural delights, lovely Daphne inclin'd;
 Sequester'd from man, from the gay and polite,
 Groves, fountains and meadows, could only invite:
 How strange that a virgin so modell'd for love,
 Should thus frown averse, and its joys disapprove,
 And vow she would never be married.

When Sol drove his chariot, thro' morn's golden gate,
 Or when clad in purple, the sun sat in state;
 With exercise grac'd, she'd ascend the tall hill,
 And looking a goddess, trace nature's vast skill;
 By innocence guarded, contented and free,
 Then homeward she'd sing, O how happy are we;
 That never, that never were married!

But once as the charmer her pleasure began,
 A satyr in mind, tho' in form he was man,
 Surpriz'd her alone—and began to be rude,
 'Till Strephon advanc'd, and the monster subdu'd;
 Her guardian at least must her gratitude move,
 And she said to herself—(but the hint was from love)
 Methinks I could like to be married.

Then Strephon, who lov'd the dear creature before,
 His passion avow'd—could the shepherd do more?
 Yes he could—and he did—but what you will say?
 Why he led her to church—and not led her astray.
 Now friendship and love, all their pleasures prolong,
 She sings like a wood-lark, and this is her song,
 I'm glad to my heart that I'm married!

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE ladies who drive from the smoak of the town,
 So whimsical, frolic and gay ;
 Ye neat country lasses, in clean linen gown,
 As blithe and as pretty as they ;
 Here Faunus invites pleasure's paths to explore,
 And Care on his crutches has limp'd from the door.

Here Zephyr's light pinions waft odours around,
 Selected from valley and hill ;
 The God of the woodlands has hallow'd the ground,
 And health is a tenant at will :
 No lilly or rose in the soil need appear,
 So freshly they bloom in the cheeks of the fair.

Here Colin, should Damon his province invade,
 Each obstacle soon may remove ;
 The clack of the mill and the bubbling cascade,
 Will soften the tale of his love ;
 Thus baffling his rival, with arm round her waist,
 The slighted becomes the dear fav'rite at last.

How sweetly the Muses in harmony join,
 To cheer the brisk lad and his lass ;
 Now free-hearted toppers exult in their wine,
 And kiss the sweet lips of the glass :
 Then banish excess, which alone can destroy,
 These innocent pleasures which Britons enjoy.

S O N G CCCXXXV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Yates.

A S Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
 So blithe and so bonny his air !
 He met a young lass who was going his way,
 Her face all so clouded with care :
 He ask'd her what made her so moaping and sad,
 'Twas pity, if she were in pain ;
 She sigh'd, " I have lost the verriest, best lad,
 " And I never shall see him again !"

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
 Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so ?
 Or else, where on earth he can never appear,
 Where you and I surely must go ?
 " No, he's fled," she reply'd, " with another fond sue,
 " Tho' to me he was plighted for aye ;
 " O'er the mountains he's gone with another from
 me,
 " And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
 He's a loon, who is not worth your pain ;
 Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched no
 more,
 Nor think of a false-hearted swain :
 But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
 Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
 I'll sooth all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,
 Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a
 song,
 Her face look'd no longer despair ;
 He whisper'd of love, as they saunter'd along,
 And she thought him a lad worth her care :

She

She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,
 And Jockey perceiving her kind,
 More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,
 So, he drove the false loon from her mind.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

WHY should we of humble state,
 Vainly blame the pow'rs above,
 Or accuse the will of fate,
 Which allows us all to love ?
 Love (impartial gentle boy)
 Deals his gifts as free as air,
 Love is all the shepherd's joy,
 Love is all the damsel's care.

Hope, that charmer of the soul,
 Hope, in love should ever live,
 Could our years for ever roll,
 Love would blessings ever give :
 Youth alas ! too swiftly flies,
 Nor can Cupid bid him stay ;
 Beauty, like a shadow dies,
 Love has wings and will away.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

C A N T A T A.

Sung by Miss BRENT. Set by Dr. Arne.

AIR.

WHY Damon, wilt thou strive in vain,
 My firm resolves to move ?
 My heart alas ! may feel the pain,
 But scorns the guilt of love !

RECITA-

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Perfidious too, like all the rest,
Is faithless Damon grown !
Ah ! canst thou seek to wound the breast,
That pants for thee alone ?

AIR.

No ! for a thought so meanly base,
Ungrateful thou shalt find,
The heart that could admire thy face,
Can hate thee for thy mind.

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

D E L I A.

A P A S T O R A L.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves ;
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whisp'ring waves :
The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be ;
But not so sweet blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung ;
And still the pendant nest she view'd
That held her callow young :
Tho' dear to her maternal heart,
The genial brood must be ;
They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale ;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale :
 My vital blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair ;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair :
 May they of our connubial love,
 A happy omen be ;
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

THE Winter its desolate train
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,
 Yet Flora steps forward again
 And nature revives in the spring :
 Tho' the sun of his glories decreast,
 Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.
 But what can youth's sun-shine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore ?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies and is heard of no more :
 The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn ;
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
 And his seasons will never return.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXL.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in The Fairy Tale.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

KINGCUP, daffodil and rose,
Shall the fairy wreath compose,
Beauty, sweetness and delight,
Crown our revels of the night.
Lightly trip it o'er the green,
Where the fairy ring is seen ;
So no step of earthly thread,
Shall offend our lady's head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,
Beauty's bee may loose its sting ;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine ;
Lightly be your measures seen,
Deftly foot it o'er the green,
Nor a spectator's baleful head,
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

S O N G CCCXLI.

The S I S T E R S.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Mr. Yates.

YOUNG Arabella, mamma's care,
And ripe to be a bride ;
Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
But beauty mix'd with pride.
And still to blast that happiness,
Her pride each lover cool'd ;
The number of her slaves was less,
And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not bless'd,
With beauty's potent spell ;

The

The virtues of the mind possess'd,
 And bore away the bell.
 Knights, earls and dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew;
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.
 Fond Celadon, address the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose;
 A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female could refuse:
 Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone,
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,
 The priest soon made them one.
 Poor Arabella, vex'd to find,
 Her sister made a wife;
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.
 Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arabella's fate;
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.

S O N G CCCXLII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Baildon.

A T T E N D, ye nymphs, while I impart
 The secret wishes of my heart,
 And tell what swain, if one there be,
 Whom fate designs for love and me.
 Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
 Let honour all his actions guide;
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.
 Let solid sense inform his mind,
 With pure good nature sweetly join'd;
 Sure friend to modest merit be
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Where grief bedews the drooping eye,
 Melting in sympathy I see
 The swain design'd for love and me.
 Let sordid av'rice claim no part
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart ;
 Oh ! be that heart, from falshood free,
 Devoted all to love and me.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

GAY Laura, who once was a blithe happy maid,
 Now seeks the sad grove, or retires to the
 shade !

By Strephon undone,
 She's now left alone,

Yet loves the false swain whom her peace has be-
 tray'd.

The nightingale thus, with a thorn in her breast,
 Complains when rude hands snatch her mate from
 the nest ;

T'ho' sweet is the strain,
 She warbles in pain,

The loss of her mate, is the loss of her rest.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

D I A N A.

Sung by Miss BRENT. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

FROM Latmos' mount, whence sacred groves
 depend,

Diana, and her virgin train descend ;

And while the buskin'd maids, with active care,

The bus'ness of the daily chace prepare :

With

With joy the goddess views her shining throng,
And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly Health springs aloft, at the loud sounding horn,
Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace ;
And Joy sings an hymn to salute the sweet morn,
That smiles on the nymphs of the chace.
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom prophanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight,
All the day with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the plains,
And sleep with Contentment all night.

S O N G CCCXLV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON. Set by Dr. Arne.

SINCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,
In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best ;
Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll keep up the chorus of *ha—ha—ha—ha*.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul ;
If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,
And foaming with rage, like a methodist preach,
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry *ha—ha—ha—ha*.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
Mirth ! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance ;
But sweeter the music will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy be there ;
She knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
Will join the sweet tune of love's *ha—ha—ha—ha*.

I'll laugh thro' the world in defiance of strife,
For laughter's an oil to the sailad of life ;

I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
Look over his shoulder and long for a taste ;
Then friend while your bosoms are free from a flaw,
Swell round the gay chorus of *ha—ha—ha—ha*.

S O N G CCCXLVI.

O D E. T O C H E A R F U L N E S S.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, and Miss WRIGHT.

Set by Dr. Arne.

R E C I T A T I V E.

C O M E Chearfulness ! triumphant fair !
Shine thro' the painful cloud of care !

D U E T.

O sweet of language ! mild of mein,
O virtue's friend ! and pleasure's queen !

D U E T.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife.
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene when thou art by.

R E C I T A T I V E A C C O M P A N I E D.

No sick'ning husband blames the hour,
That bound his joy to female pow'r ;
No pining mother weeps the cares,
That parents waste on hopeless heirs ;
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,
The brother rises to the friend.

D U E T.

By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound ;
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And ev'ning hours in peace decline.

C H O R U S

Attend and grace our gen'rous toils,
With all thy Garlands, all thy smiles.

S O N G CCCXLVII.

O D E. To PLEASURE. *Set by Mr. Bach.*

C H O R U S.

SILVER vested bright and gay
PLEASURE, keeps her holy-day.

A I R. *Miss Wright.*

Smiling Mirth, and rosy Joy,
Youthful Love, appearing coy,
Join'd with Frolick indiscreet,
Form her train, with dancing feet.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites,
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsell.*

See in yonder rosy bow'rs,
Half reclin'd in beds of flow'rs,
Such a nymph as might inspire
Hoary age, with soft desire.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites,
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Miss Brent.*

Round the table bold and free,
View the toppers full of glee ;
Jest and laughter there abound,
Now the merry glass goes round.

C H O R U S.

Hark 'tis Pleasure's voice invites,
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

See the bumper sparkling bright,
Urges on the sweet delight,
None can sure such joys refrain,
Which give mirth and cure each pain.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! tis Pleasure's voice invites,
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights:

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

O D E. To SUMMER. *Set by Mr. Bach.*

C H O R U S.

S O U N D the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.—
Summer smiles in rich array,
All is happy, all is gay ;
As the chearful sun goes down,
Let sweet mirth your labours crown :
Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsell.*

See, see around from ev'ry place,
What charms the verdant vallies grace ;
While fleecy flocks in consort rove,
And bleat their tender tales of love.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

Here rosy Mirth and Bacchus gay,
 Attend your smiling joys to crown,
 While Moderation leads the way ;
 Such revelry to few is known.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
 Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Miss Wright.*

The joys we taste, to few are known,
 Content and health our labours crown ;
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,
 For constant each we truly love.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
 Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Miss Brent.*

Here melting Music, love inspires,
 Here Peace rewards the mid-day toil ;
 But far from hence are loose desires,
 Here Innocence, and Virtue smile.

F U L L C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
 Hither nymphs and shepherds come.
 Summer smiles in rich array,
 All his happy, all is gay ;
 As the chearful sun goes down,
 Let sweet mirth your labours crown :
 Sound the merry pipe and drum,
 Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

SONG CCCXLIX.
CELIA'S COMPLAINT.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain !
How droop the sweet flow'rets around !
How pensive each nymph and each swain !

How silent each musical sound !
No more the soft lute, in the bow'rs,
Beguiles the cool ev'nings away ;
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since Damon has wonder'd away.

Oh ! he was our village's pride,
This change from his absence is seen ;
'Twas he that our music supply'd,
When gaily we danc'd on the green :
At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
How jovial and frolic were we !
But now ev'ry feast in the year
Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah ! why did he venture from home,
To mix among hostile alarms ?
No justice oblig'd him to roam,
Or take up those terrible arms :
Let those who are cruel and rough,
Be heedless of life, and of limb ;
The country had soldiers enough,
Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where-e'er the adventurer goes,
On land or the dangerous main,
Kind heaven protect him from woes,
And give him to Celia again :
Oh ! give him to Celia again,
My true love in safety restore ;
I'll cease on his breast to complain,
From my arms he shall wander no more.

SONG

S O N G CCCL.
B A C C H U S.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR, at Marybone Gardens.

Set by Mr. Collet.

BACCHUS, God of joys divine,
Be thy pleasures ever mine ;
Smile on this thy votaries prayer,
All beside's not worth our care :
All our griefs brisk wine dispells,
Drinking every trouble quells,
Drinking every trouble quells.
All our griefs brisk wine dispells,
Drinking every trouble quells ;
All our griefs brisk wine dispells,
Drinking every trouble quells.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
From the clustering vine distill'd ;
Then indeed I'm truly blest,
And ev'ry anxious thought's at rest .
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I sing and dance and laugh.

Wou'd you be for ever gay,
Mortals learn of me the way ;
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone sufficient prove :
If you'd raise and charm the soul,
Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

S O N G CCCLI.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
Where rivers run murmuring by,
I heard the soft vows that she made ;
What swain was so happy as I ?

My

My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told :
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
 The kisses I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain :
 But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
 Her vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're as false as a Midsummer dream,
 As fickle as Midsummer dew.

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve ?
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair
 I soon had forgotten to love :
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind ;
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.
 When tempests the ocean deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar,
 The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore ;
 As soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea,
 His art he too credulous tries,
 And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

S O N G C C C L I .
 C U R E for the V A P O U R S .

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

WH Y will Delia thus retire,
 And languish all her life away ?
 While the sighing crowd admire,
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn-tea,
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn-tea :

All those dismal looks, and fretting
 Cannot Damon's life restore ;
 Long ago the worms have eat him,
 You can never see him more,
 You can never see him more.
 Long ago the worms have eat him ;
 You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilette,
 In the glass your face review ;
 So much weeping soon will spoil it,
 And no spring your charms renew ;
 And no, &c.

I, like you, was born a woman,
 Well I know what vapours mean ;
 The disease, alas ! is common ;
 Single, we have all the Spleen.
 Single, &c.

All the mortals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet :
 Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
 One of humour, youth and wit,
 One of. &c.

Prithee hear him ev'ry morning,
 At least an hour or two ;
 Once again at night returning,
 —I believe the dose will do,
 —I believe the dose will do.
 Once again at night returning,
 —I believe the dose will do.

F I N I S.

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